

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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No. 232.—Vol. IX.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1860.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]



THE CHAMPION'S BELT OF ENGLAND, WHICH NOW, OF RIGHT, BELONGS TO JOHN C. HERNAN, THE AMERICAN CHAMPION OF THE WORLD—FROM A SKETCH BY ALBERT BERGHAUS, ESQ.—THIS IS THE ONLY SKETCH EVER TAKEN OF SAYERS' BELT. SEE CERTIFICATE IN NO. 230.



ROUND 37—HERNAN CATCHES SAYERS ROUND THE NECK AND PRESSES HIM AGAINST THE ROPE. THE FRIENDS OF BOTH PARTIES BREAK INTO THE RING, AND THE SCENE BECOMES ONE OF THE WILDEST EXCITEMENT, AMIDST CRIES OF "POLICE! POLICE!"

Special Notices.

All that it Claims to be.—So many compounds for the hair are offered for sale and unduly praised, that we confess we had no expectation of finding in BERNETT'S OCCIDIANE the qualities which it was said to possess. In this we have been disappointed. Members of our family who have tried it endorse it as possessing superior hair-dressing properties; while its freedom from greasiness, the lustre it imparts to the hair, and its economy, have given it a permanent place on the toilet table.

We have no hesitation in recommending it as being equal to all that it claims to be.—*Chicago New Covenant.*

We occasionally come across a chance and unsolicited notice of some well established medical remedy, which conveys more than the most elaborate notice. A case in point occurs in the following extract from N. P. Willis's description of a visit to Washington Irving, at Sunny Side: "The honored invalid complaining a little of hoarseness in his voice, I mentioned to him an alleviate I had lately chanced upon myself for a similar trouble—asking accidentally for some help to my hoarseness in an apothecary's shop, and getting a lozenge with a most mysterious name, which I had since found an invariable throat deepener for three notes in the gamut. I contrived to call to memory the Ossawatimic inscription on the box (BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES), and I was amused with the affectionate playfulness with which Mr. Irving called on one of his nieces (explaining aside 'this is my doctor'), to remember the name of the medicine."

WINTER GARDEN.—MARETZKE ITALIAN OPERA.—Regular Opera Nights, at 8 P. M., MONDAY, THURSDAYS, FRIDAYS, SATURDAYS, Grand Matinée at 1 P. M.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—GRAND DRAMATIC REOPENING. NEW AND POPULAR COMPANY OF COMEDIANS. Every Afternoon at 3, and Evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Also, the GRAND AQUARIUM, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c., &c. Admittance to every thing, 25 cents. Parquette, 15 cents extra. Children under ten years, 15 cents, and to the Parquette, 10 cents extra.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, MAY 12, 1860.

ALL Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

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OFFICE, 19 CITY HALL SQUARE, NEW YORK.

OUR NEW TALE.—We direct the attention of our readers to the exciting and deeply interesting new Tale, written expressly for our paper by J. Malcolm Eirym, Esq., of London, which we commence in the present number. It will repay perusal.

The Great Fight in England.

FRANK LESLIE

Ahead of all Competitors.

THE LONDON EXTRA

of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, containing the full account of the Fight, with Illustrations of the event, was sold in the streets of New York ten minutes after the arrival of the Vanderbilt at her dock.

The excitement to procure a copy was intense—in many cases one dollar was offered for a six cent copy. Our office was also the scene of extraordinary excitement; from morning to night it was thronged by an eager crowd, asking for news, begging for copies of our London Extra at any price.

The edition of our Extra forwarded us from London was speedily exhausted, so vast was the rush for copies; and although the duplicate electrotypes plates reached us at the same time as the packages which contained our Extra, and were put at once on our fast presses, the copies were exhausted hour by hour; and all day long and all through the night and during the whole of Sunday and Sunday night our presses labored to supply the increasing demand for the London Extra of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, the first in the field over all other papers—winning the race against all opposition, and giving to the American people the first illustrated intelligence of the Great International Fight.

Frank Leslie has redeemed his pledge to the public, regardless of the enormous expense of the enterprise, little short of ten thousand dollars, and has added another triumphant proof that, in catering for the public, his generous and liberal patrons, Frank Leslie knows no such word as fail.

But while thus yielding to a pardonable feeling of self gratulation, we must not forget to award credit where so much credit is justly due. Our Special Correspondent, Dr. Augustus Rawlings, has acted with extraordinary energy and judgment in following out our suggestions and instructions. We were compelled, necessarily, to leave much to his discretion in regard to details, expenditure, &c., and we are more than satisfied with the result of our confidence. Nothing has been neglected—everything has been provided for, and had we been upon the spot, we could hardly have arranged our business more entirely to our satisfaction. Dr. Rawlings has evidenced tact, judgment and indomitable energy—he has made hosts of friends for our paper—placed it prominently before the English people, and has enabled us to accomplish an unparalleled feat in newspaper annals—that of publishing our Illustrated Newspaper in the city of London!

We are perfectly satisfied with what has been done, for it enabled us to set all opposition at defiance, and be—as we have always been—the first in the field of liberal and energetic enterprise. We are to hear much more from Dr. Augustus Rawlings before he returns to America, and our readers may rest assured that whatever he does will be well done, and of the highest interest in this country.

To our Special Artist, Albert Berghaus, Esq., we also offer our warmest thanks and praise. He too has been indefatigable, resting neither day nor night, being always on the alert in our service to sketch with his rapid and singularly faithful pencil

every incident and event connected with the business of his visit. Our pages bear witness to the brilliant accuracy of his sketching, the present number being almost entirely the work of his hand. Mr. Berghaus has had tempting and brilliant offers to remain in England, but they failed to divert him from our paper, and we again express our entire satisfaction with all that he has accomplished in England.

We must also take this public opportunity of thanking George Wilkes, Esq., editor of *Wilkes's Spirit of the Times*, for the many kindnesses he has shown to our Special Correspondent and Artist. He has afforded them every possible facility, and materially assisted us in our endeavors to be the first in the field—to distance entirely out of sight all competition.

One word and we have done. The present wonderfully successful enterprise is only the first of a series of strikingly interesting and important subjects, which will be superbly illustrated and will follow on in rapid succession, so that the succeeding numbers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will go on increasing in importance and interest, and sustain that reputation for originality, enterprise and excellence which has placed it far ahead of all the illustrated periodicals in America.

While we were sending out from our ten cylinder press our London Extra by thousands, we were preparing to issue our superb Champion Pictorial, containing a splendid four page picture of the great fight between Heenan and Sayers. By almost superhuman exertion it was issued on Saturday afternoon, and raised the excitement to a still higher pitch. So admirable is this Pictorial pronounced, and so eagerly is it sought for, that even up to this time we have not fulfilled much more than half our orders.

Taking a calm review of the amount of work accomplished in our establishment from Saturday morning until Sunday night, to wit—the printing of over 100,000 of our London Extra, and nearly an equal edition of our Champion Pictorial, and getting up the entire drawings and engravings of the present number of our Illustrated Newspaper, the sketches of which reached us from our Special Artist in England by the Vanderbilt on Saturday morning—taking all this work into account, we ask, with confidence—Was there ever so great a feat of publishing as this known in this or any other country?

We append the following letter, which speaks as to the authenticity of our superb engravings:

LETTER FROM GEORGE WILKES TO FRANK LESLIE.

Southampton, April 18, 1860.

To FRANK LESLIE, Esq.

Dear Sir—Your indefatigable representative, Dr Rawlings, has submitted to my inspection several sketches, made by Mr. Alfred Berghaus, your special artist, of scenes which occurred at the late great fight, and I take pleasure in saying that I recognise them as being graphic and faithful in a most remarkable degree. Truly yours,

GEORGE WILKES,
Editor "Wilkes's Spirit of the Times."

The Foreign News.

THERE are certain features in the recent events in Italy which show the altered state of public advancement to be far beyond the common idea. For the first time in the history of the world, that most conservative of classes, the clergy, has become the pioneer of progress. In addition to the significant fact that the immense vote alone showed how entirely the priesthood had withdrawn from all active participation in the great subject of annexation to Sardinia, we have numerous instances where the priests themselves led the peasants to the poll. The knowledge of this fact will, in a great measure, account for Louis Napoleon's daring disregard of the opinions of his clergy, a power which no other monarch has ever yet ventured to treat with indifference.

The Vanderbilt brings intelligence to the 18th. With the exception of the great fight, which had, most unexpectedly and provokingly to public expectation, ended in a drawn battle, the news is comparatively unimportant. The general opinion in England was, that Heenan had proved himself the better man of the two, and was entitled to the belt.

In another column we have given the requisite particulars of this exciting "passage of arms."

There are rumors of a better understanding between Austria and England, and that Francis Joseph will pay a visit to Queen Victoria.

The disaffection in Sicily was very general, and there was an evident desire on the part of Naples to incorporate itself with Northern Italy, under Victor Emanuel.

The Pope's Bull had been comparatively harmless—the Turin papers having shown their contempt by publishing it.

General Lamoriciere had taken the command of the Papal troops, but there was no cordiality between him and Cardinal Antonelli, and it was expected that he would be so disgusted as to throw up his appointment.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

We have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Ichiel G. Shipman, which we much regret, since his contributions to the *Budget of Fun* would be valuable, supposing he carried the same sly humor into it which characterizes his efforts at the bar.

He broached the theory that Harden had no motive to kill his wife, but that she, on the contrary, had been so depressed by her differences with her husband, and the reports which had been circulated concerning her, that she was glad to end her own existence by taking the arsenic which she knew was within her reach. To sustain this theory, Rev. George F. Dickinson, Rev. George Custer, Nancy P. Cythen and Cornelia Anson were sworn. The only points to which they testified were Harden's good treatment of his wife.

This is decidedly rich—as though the differences which made her sick of her life "unto death," would not have the effect of making a husband wish her dead; and how can we reconcile her differences with her husband with Cornelia Anderson's testimony of his good treatment. It was also unfortunate that the witnesses were of those very credulous persons—"sensation preachers" and the silly women who run after them.

The Molochs who mismanage Bellevue Hospital excuse themselves and brow beat the blame upon the nature of the soil on which the hospital is built. We

are surprised they did not at once boldly lay the entire cause upon the rats. This is an infamous and impudent subterfuge, and which is worse than the original accusation. Since they acknowledge they knew the rats had possession of the place, it was all the more imperative that they should have taken them from being gnawed alive. Some time ago that slightly genius Branch, accused the Ten Governors of certain offences, which were considered libels, and for which he was punished. Those offences combined do not equal in atrocity a fact they have themselves admitted, that they knew the rats ran about the sick wards eating the poultices off the dying patients, and aware of this, that they were in the habit of allowing women expecting the pangs of maternity to be alone, unattended, in a den which was overrun with thousands of rats! The Ten Governors are not men—they are demons.

A Provincial Cotemporary devotes a leader to proving that the world is a laughing straight on to perfection, because Bloomerism has died out and can no more be said to exist than "other hallucinations and superstitions shadowy on the page of history." Are we to infer from this that loose trousers are a "hallucination?" Perhaps the commentator meant to say a "hallucination-stone." Or are short skirts a "superstition?" This mixing up of faith and hen feathers has a sort of Breeches-able sound about it which shocks a refined sensibility.

THE MYSTERY.—We are compelled to omit this week the continuation of this beautiful novel. It will be continued in our next.

PERSONAL.

REV. MR. COOLEY, one of the oldest of the Presbyterian Ministers, died suddenly on the 23d of April at his residence near Trenton, N. J.

PRINCE MICHAEL GALATZIN, Russian Ambassador to the Court of Madrid, died at Montpellier lately.

The fashionable boys of Troy have been much excited by the disappearance of a dashing lady with a Lothario old enough to be her father. It is not the first Troy that has had a Helen!

ST. LOUIS had also had a scandal case. A sprightly widow, Mrs. Onderdonk, made a charge against a fashionable gentleman, Mr. Price, for personal impropriety towards her. He entered a countercharge against her for the still deeper offence of being on too tender terms with a married gentleman. This Mr. Price considered as tit for tat.

BLOOMER, the famous rope dancer, has invented a new skate, which is well spoken of.

The Council of the National Academy of Design sent a requisition to Mr. Elliott, our great painter, demanding the return of the portraits he had cut out of the frame, in an impulse of indignation at its being hung in so bad a position.

JOHN A. WASHINGTON is preparing to remove from Mount Vernon in his new estate in the County of Fauquier.

A CANADA paper says that a grand Pow-wow of the Six Nations Indians has been held, and it has been determined to give the Prince of Wales a grand reception. Whether they will present him with a squaw is not known.

A MR. COLLIER, of Alexandria, Ky., was suspected of inducing a slave to run off. The inhabitants, like sensible people, instead of tarring and feathering him, met—had the value of his property appraised by a sworn auctioneer, raised the money, handed the amount to the suspected gentleman, and told him to depart, and never visit those "diggings" again. He did as he was bid!

THE Mobile Advertiser requests us to say that Mr. Beverley Edwards, of Hempstead county, Arkansas, who fled some time ago on account of wounding a person in a duel, can now safely return, the wounded man having entirely recovered from injuries which were pronounced at the time mortal.

THE widow of the Hon. Gideon Granger, Postmaster-General from 1801 to 1814, under the Presidential rule of Jefferson and Madison, died on the 17th of April, in Canandaigua, aged ninety. She was the mother of the Hon. Francis Granger, Postmaster-General to General Harrison.

The subject of Louis Blanc's lectures, now delivering in London (not Paris, as stated in some journals), is on "The Mysterious Personage and Agencies in France toward the end of the Eighteenth Century."

CAPTAIN LAY, a man of great experience, has been appointed to succeed Captain Harrison in the command of the Great Eastern.

THE wife of Jedediah Post, of Westbrook, died lately, aged ninety-three. She had lived with her husband a life of serenity and joy seventy-one years, and has left one hundred and seventy-six descendants—eleven of whom are of the fifth generation.

THE Rev. Mr. Kalkoff, of whiskey kalm fame, who, after his return to Boston, took charge of the Tremont Temple Society, is about to remove to Leavenworth City under the appointment of the Baptist Home Missionary Society.

THOMAS PARKER and Charlotte Cushman are in Rome. Fields, the poet, and his accomplished wife have left that city for a northern tour.

THE London correspondent of the Liverpool Albion says that "Mrs. Barrett Browning is a medium, and that her incomprehensible gibberish called 'Poems before Congress' is really what she believes to be the direct effusion of disembodied beings, specially communicated to her for the regeneration of Italy!"

TWO of the Tennessee delegates to Charleston, named Spencer and Graham, had a fight at Knoxville. One struck the other over the arm with a stick, and broke it; the other fired at his opponent, and broke his arm. They then were separated.

LITERATURE.

Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible.—Mr. Cassell has every reason to be gratified with the reception which his *Illustrated Family Bible* is receiving in this country. The following handsome testimonial he has received from the Right Rev. Dr. Potter, Bishop of Pennsylvania:

"Having examined a portion of the *Illustrated Family Bible* now in course of publication by Mr. Cassell, I cannot but express my surprise and admiration at the beauty and cheapness of the work. Its artistic embellishments and illustrations and the mechanical and literary execution are excellent, and it is offered at a price which places it within the reach of a large proportion of our people. I heartily wish it success."

"Philadelphia, April 18, 1860."
ALONZO POTTER.
We have received from Messrs. DICK & FITZGERALD a book which will excite some curiosity, and will be found of great value as a reference on Bible subjects. It is called *The Biblical Reason Why*. It is intended as a family guide to Scripture readings and a hand-book for Biblical students. It undertakes to elucidate many of the obscure passages of the Bible, by putting them in the form of questions and answering them through the words of learned commentators, assisted by illustrative engravings. The plan of the work is decidedly ingenious, and is ably carried out. It will supply a want which has long been felt, and we commend it cordially to our readers.

The Court of Death.—The engravings of this remarkable painting by Feale are announced in another column. The statements made by Mr. Cotton can be relied on.

DRAMA.

Wallack's Theatre.—Benefits are still progressing at this house, and substantial testimonials each and all have been. Mr. Wallack's artists are thoroughly reliable and proverbially amiable, they never indulge in "sudden indispositions," nor do they condescend to mar the perfection of a performance by slighting roles of minor importance; whatever they do they do well, taking as much pains to impart an individuality and vitality to an inconsiderable part as though it were the principal character in the play. It is owing to this esprit de corps, so unusual in theatrical circles, that Mr. Wallack is enabled to present pictures finished to the most minute detail; and the public are not slow in recognizing the claims of the individual members of the company when their names are put forward annually for benefits. The old comedies have been the principal attraction, and it does seem that the community will never tire of witnessing them, especially when acted as they are at Wallack's.

Laura Keene's.—Miss Laura Keen has been quite unwell, so much so that for several nights she was unable to fill her part in the "Colleen Bawn," that piece has been played nightly though to admiring crowds, and will, in all probability, keep possession until Mr. Jefferson inaugurates his summer season, which latter event is to take place about the middle of May. Mrs. John Wood will be the first star; after her comes a host of planets; in the "American Cousin," my Lord Dundreary will be heartily welcomed back to the scene of his first triumph.

The Winter Garden is given over to the invading operative forces of Max Maretzek, but we understand that there will be a summer season at this house, with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence as the bright particular stars.

Niblo's.—The circus still attracts the little folks as well as children of a larger growth. Indeed its splendors we repay a visit. The "Bronze Horse" is produced with every accessory that the most imaginative could desire.

It has been decided in London that if a man find money in the street, and he see the person drop it, he is guilty of larceny if he refuses to return it.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

On Monday, the 16th ult., one of the most destructive tornadoes that has ever

On Monday, the 16th ult., one of the most destructive tornadoes that has ever visited the West passed over Carleville, Ill., destroying everything in its way. Houses were blown down, churches unroofed, and the roofs carried into the air, men, women and children lifted from their feet and taken against their will for an aerial ride. Mr. Love, a wealthy farmer, was killed by lightning. A

Similar storm visited Louisiana, Mo. **A** piece of new road on Bedford street, Concord, Mass., which has been in use about five years, suddenly disappeared on Tuesday forenoon : it was laid out across a swamp, and was some six or seven rods in extent. **We** regret to hear that capital, as usual, has triumphed over the rights of labor, the effect of which is the right to work at starvation prices. Most of the Lynn strikers have been obliged to submit to that class of men who own such death-traps as the Pemberton Mills. Man is the meanest of living animals in the presence of dollars and cents. Having commenced the strike, they ought to have persevered to the end. **A**mong the ceremonies of the Sons of Malta not described by us is the absconding of treasurers with the moneys in hand. The *Columbus Journal* says that the absconding treasurer of the Sons of Malta for Ohio was recently taken in New Orleans, and had to disgorge \$8,000. This was a very fat lot, and should have

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

INQUIRER.—The Russian game is played with five balls, two white ones for the players and a red, a blue and a yellow ball for the table. The blue must be placed on the light red spot, the yellow on the spot between the pockets, and the red on the deep red spot. In Germany and Russia the number of points played in this game is 40. In New York it is usually played 100 points up. It is a very pleasant variety of the game, and it is a wonder it is not more

THE SECREITER AND LYNCH (CALIFORNIA) MATCH.—We see by an editorial paragraph in *Wilkes's Spirit* that the editor of that paper has heard nothing from Mr. Secreiter since the deposit of \$500 was insisted upon as a preliminary to further discussion. The editor repeats his positive confidence that if Mr. Secreiter does not prove exacting beyond measure a match will be made. In conclusion, he asks Mr. Secreiter if he will back up his own (Secreiter's) challenge by a deposit of \$500?

A SOUTHERN BILLIARD CELEBRITY.—Mr. Isidor Gayraud, the celebrated New Orleans billiard player, who was reported to have beaten Mr. Phelan during the latter gentleman's late visit to the Crescent City, has arrived in New York on a visit. Mr. Gayraud paid a visit to his late antagonist, and will, we are informed, gratify our New York billiard amateurs by a display of his skill on one of Phelan's tables.

BILLIARDS IN HOTELS.—A billiard-room has now become indispensable to a first-rate hotel. This fact is now recognized by all the great hotel proprietors. Mr. Coleman, of the Eutaw House, Baltimore, has ordered four of Phelan's tables for the International Hotel at Niagara Falls, of which he is also the proprietor.

THE KAVANAGH AND LYNCH MATCH.—The third trial of skill between the above-named players took place on Monday evening, 23d inst., and resulted in a triumph for Mr. Kavanagh, who won by 104 points. The match was 1,000 points up.

THE Zouave jacket still reigns triumphant in the fashionable world. Those of velvet will give place to materials of lighter texture. They are now being made in taffetas, and also in cashmere of a different color—principally China blue, violet and white. The colors used for those of taffetas are blue, white, rose, maize, and any one of the lighter shades, so that it harmonizes with the

rest of the toilet. The black taffetas Zouave is always simple and pretty, and has the advantage of being quite free from any eccentricity of appearance. These jackets are no longer quilted, but simply lined with taffetas of a contrasting shade. Thus, the black or white with colored silk—the colored with white. The lining is bordered with a narrow ruche of the same color, getting rather puffed out at the shoulders and along the edge, and the outside has a trim of narrow gauze round it, which is also colored to match the ruche. The embroidery of gold or silver give to these a more particularly stylish many ladies do not admire. A little later in the season we shall find them made of muslin, for summer dresses. We even now meet with them in lace for soirees or for dinner dress. Round the foundation, which is generally of tulle, is a broad lace falling over the dress, forming a flounce, or ruche. The sleeves are made very large, and opened up, and trimmed round with lace, and, when dressily worn, have no under-sleeves but leave the arm uncovered. The following is a description of a Zouave jacket, made for full dress, for a lady somewhat advanced in years, for whom it was particularly becoming. It was of white moire antique, made low behind and very open in front, so as to show the whole of the stomach. The sleeves were open, back and front, and laced with gold cord. The under-sleeves were very *bouillonnées*, and trimmed with rosettes of ribbon, matching the color of the dress. The jacket was braided with black silk which set off the gold flat bands, in bows, one over the other. Altogether, this had a charming effect. Morning dresses are still worn with closed high bodies, and trimmed with ruches; but for demi-toilette and some varieties open in front, but not far down. Skirts continue to be trimmed with number of narrow flounces, or with a wide one having several narrow as a heading. A rather more novel style of trimming is that of narrow flounces parted at the bottom of the skirt, and taken up to the waist between each breadth. In taffetas of rather a deep shade this looks very well.

A STRANGE event occurred lately at a village near Harrisburg, Pa., which is a striking proof of one of woman's covetous and jealous tendencies. A Miss Francis was ten years ago engaged to a young farmer, who was a very rich and successful man, and had excellent prospects. They were apparently much attached to each other, and their moonlight walks were the envy and admiration of surrounding spinsters and bachelors. The gold fever broke out, and Hiram J. took a tender leave of his affianced, and rushed off to the modern Golconda. Three years later they were again together, and were waiting from Pennsylvania to California, where they were fixed by him for his home. She had been busy with her wedding attire. Suddenly his letters ceased, and nothing more was heard of him. Six years have a slight effect upon every heart, even a woman's, and

the appearance of a lover from Philadelphia put her old beau entirely out of her head. He sighed and she sighed, till they were nearly beside themselves with happiness. Last month they were to be married. The exciting morning arrived. The lady was sitting in her parlor with her friends, awaiting the bridegroom, when the bell rang. "Tis he," said the bride, when the servant announced Mr. Hiram J—. "The devil," said the bride's father—but it wasn't the devil, but Fanny's old beau, with plenty of money—he had been to China, Japan, &c. Woman's heart, like its congenial rock in the desert, as the touch of Aaron, gave out its frozen waters—it fell upon her Hiram's neck, and there, at that important juncture, the "old beau's" explanations were offered, and the "old beau's" accusations were followed—It was left to Fanny to decide, she gave the verdict in favor of her old beau—the new one left with discountenanced look. The person who was hired to marry her to one married her to another and here the matter ends, with the question, What is it—constancy or fickleness?

John Iverson was recently arrested and imprisoned at the South for aggravated polygamy; he had thirteen wives. The daughter of the jailor whose hospitality this insatiable polygamist was enjoying while awaiting trial believed him in occult, pitted him, loved him, opened the prison doors, fled with him, became his fourteenth wife. After eight days of domestic bliss the husband disappeared, and left neither trace nor money behind. A reward was offered

for his capture; a description of his assassinating person was circulated; he was recognized in a village tavern by a man who thought of the reward offered and set about preparing his tools for the victim. In order to build confidence into his breast, he made his acquaintance, invited him to his mansion, and then went off to procure legal assistance. When he returned, his home was deserted alike by his intended prey and his own wife, whom Iversen had led astray.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* completed its thirtieth year on the 10th April. It is a remarkable fine child for its age. Mr. Cummings has retired from the

The New Haven *Daily Palladium* gravely announces that Weathersfield has got the measles. Is it the town or a citizen of that name?

breans, and had to lose going \$8,000. This was worse to him, we should imagine, than all the hammellings and precipitations of the Initiators.... **Crinoline** has effectually proved one thing—that modern women will risk their lives for the sake of fashion, just as the women of old did for religion. Every day gives us a martyr burnt at the stake for the sake of expanded skirts. The last martyr is Mrs. Merandy, of Steubenville, who, in throwing some havings on a fire, unconsciously swung her circumference of petticoats over the flames. She was soon in a blaze, and so terribly burnt that her life is despaired of. Heroic women, what will you not do for love and vanity?.... **Last week** a farmer, named Finn, owning six thousand acres near St. Paul, Minnesota, to settle an old grudge with a German neighbor, went over to his house and deliberately shot him, the charge taking dangerous effect, also, on the German's wife.... **There** is a gas excitement at Mendota, Ill., rivaling the oil excitement in Pennsylvania. People dig down fifteen or twenty feet for water, and instead of that fluid find a combustible gas, apparently inexhaustible in quantity.... **The town** of Lewisburg, Ark., was totally destroyed last week by fire.... **As** the Empiro State steamer was proceeding down the Sound, last week, a gentleman bet forty dollars upon a game. He lost his wager and paid the money. He soon afterwards left the cabin and jumped overboard. Notwithstanding every effort to save him, he was drowned!.... **The City Collector** of Chicago, Mr. Muller, had his office entered on the 17th ult., and \$19,000 stolen. As yet there is no clue to the robber.... **Carl Lebercht**, who has been missing for the last two months, was found in the river at the end of

thirty-fourth street. The body was not much decomposed.... The tale ends with Dr. Garrison, of Myrtle avenue, was broken into on the 19th ult. The house of this serving man, named Cox. Two men, Daniel and James Ludlaw, of Maiden lane, New York, have been arrested on suspicion.... Gov. Morgan has vetoed the bill to remove the City Hall to Madison square. We hope to see it on Blackwell's Island, where the City Fathers would be at home.... The Boston and Worcester Railroad Company have been adjudged to pay Mrs. Glose \$10,000 for injuries sustained last year by a collision, which was caused by the misconduct of the employees. A few verdicts like this will put an end to railroad robbery.... Frankly, we hope, who killed his wife, but

road murder. **Frank Wright**, who killed his wife at Woodville, in a fit of jealousy and intoxication, has been sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment. **Camphine** lamps are going out and coffee-pots coming in to supply their place as engines of destruction. A few days ago, Mrs. Bartram, residing in Sanson street, Philadelphia, was dreadfully injured by the explosion of a coffee-pot. **The last Legislature of Georgia** passed an act to take away

coffee-pot.... The last Legislature of Georgia passed an act, to take effect June 1st, abolishing and prohibiting, by imprisonment and fine, the drawing of lotteries in that State.... A Mrs. Wilson, of Clay county, Indiana, recently obtained a divorce from her husband, and married another man fifteen minutes afterwards. That very evening she presented her new husband with

the Micawber gift of twins!... **Joseph Daggett**, of West Thompson, in a fit of somnambulism, the other night, got on the roof of his father's house and commenced unroofing it, throwing the shingles and tiles on the ground. Being too suddenly awakened, he fell off the roof and was badly hurt. It is

very dangerous to awaken a somnambulist; they should have let him pull the house down and gradually descend that way.... **A brute**, named Cummins, of Apelousas, recently beat his wife, whereupon she ran for protection to a neighbor, who humanely sheltered her, and denied ingress to the brutal husband. The wretch stabbed him upon his refusal. He has been arrested.

Jean Gros, who murdered his quadroon mistress in New Orleans on the 12th October, has been arrested; he had been concealed in that city ever since he committed the murder. The same day a monkey escaped from a menagerie and ensconced himself on the top of a house in Paydras street. When fired at

it amusingly took a brick from the chimney, and threw it among the crowd. Fortunately nobody was hurt.... At North Adams, Mass., a gentleman was stopped by a footpad while driving towards his home. The gentleman was very frightened at the man's sudden appearance, pranced up, and ran. The gentleman did not see the footpad's body. The gentleman did not see the footpad's body.

went over his prostrate body. The gentleman in the blue coat, who had seen the intruder was hurt.... Some outrages are going on in the country which exceed belief. Last week, as a young lady of a respectable family was walking in the garden, about nine o'clock, she was suddenly seized by two men, gagged, and carried to the creek, which was about a hundred yards distance. She was then

brown in with great violence and left to drown. . . of the ran off. Fortunately she managed to crawl out, and reached home in a state of great prostration. A large reward has been offered, but as yet there is no clue to the guilty parties. . . A man, named Devos, was targeted, captured and ridden on

a rail, lately, in Detroit, for deserting his wife and living with a disreputable woman... On the 25th ult., a piece of rock, weighing about twenty pounds was blown through the wall of a house like a cannon ball. It was caused by the careless blasting of the contractor for Forty-fifth street, near Second avenue. Fortunately no one was injured. The contractor and laborer have been arrested.

... Another body has been found in the remains of the tenement-house which was recently burnt in Forty fifth street and Sixth avenue. This makes the eleventh victim.... A very stormy meeting has been held in Dr. Cheever's church by his congregation, in which his conduct in sending Miss Johnstone

England to collect subscriptions has been severely criticised. He defended himself with his customary ability. The dignified feeling of the meeting was directed against him.... There have been no traces yet of the men who were lost or thrown overboard from the *Spray* and E. A. Johnstone. They have not been washed out to sea. Circumstances have been

The pupils of the Fifteenth Ward School had a concert on the 26th ult., which was a great success. It was held at the Cooper Union. The singing of

young females in "Spring is here" was much applauded. Mr. Bristow was the conductor.... **Dr. Elder**, the new School Superintendent of Hoboken, has resolved to put his shoulder to the wheel and reform the management. Some years ago the public schools were admirably conducted. It would con-

duce much to their re-establishment if their former conductors were reinstated. A German was found dead on the foot of the West Hoboken Hill last week. An inquest was held by Justice Whitley. He had evidently destroyed himself. Hoboken is becoming as famous for suicides now as it was for its beer. It is strange that despair and murder should exist together.

lovely spot for deeds of horror.... The police ought to put an end to the dance-houses of Water street. They are the hotbeds of murder. A man named Big Steve on the 26th ult. stabbed a young woman so dangerously that her life is despaired of. Strange to say he was not arrested.... Miss Mary

Ann McGar, of Auburn, lately took the veil at the Convent of Mercy. The Rochester papers call this a very interesting ceremony. We are inclined to think that every Christian will pronounce it a melancholy immolation of youth and beauty. The natural fate of a young woman is a bridal, not a burial. Parents should be allowed to take the veil.

No woman under seventy in this town is allowed to take the veil... A great anxiety exists in Saratoga touching the disappearance of a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments named Ferris. It appears that she went to the bank to get a cheque cashed, and has not since being heard of.... The St. Louis Democrat of the 21st ult. gives a further chapter in the Carstang breach.

promise case. The jurors are accused of having prejudged the whole case and as Mr. Shaw has plenty of money, the lawyers will, no doubt, make him bleed before it is all over.... **About** two weeks ago, two men, named Pitcher and Shankland were living together in Smith street. Pitcher died about ten days ago. It is alleged that a certificate for his death was

days since, very suddenly. It is alleged that a certificate for his burial was given by a doctor who had never seen the man either before or after his death. Since that time Shankland has been disposing of the goods and effects of the deceased man without authority, and in a manner that has aroused the suspicions of the neighbors. As Pitcher is not known to have any relative

intimate acquaintance in this country, it is believed that Shankland caused his death, and is now disposing of his effects for his own benefit. He has been arrested, the body is to be exhumed, and a thorough investigation of the case at once instituted.... **The extensive paint shop at St. Louis of the Pacific Rail**

road, with two cars, fifty cords of wood, and a large quantity of other property, was
burned on Friday morning, April 27. Loss \$12,000.

the French papers have much taken up with the fierce attacks on the Emperor by his nibble at the map of Europe, by swallowing Nice and Savoy. The French take a much fairer view of the question than the English. The *North* has an article on the Anglo-French alliance. "Is it broken?" it asks. The *Times* says: "Yes;" the *Journal des Debats* and the *Pays* "No." Which account is the true one? We ourselves think them not irreconcilable. The truth is, that the possibility of a cordial alliance between the Russian warlike empire and the peaceful Republic of France has been the subject of the treaty of Paris; the relations between England and France have been more those of a negative than of a positive alliance. They have been allies, in the common resolution not to make war can be so interpreted; and it must be conceded that France has been the more accommodating State of the two. We are far from a rupture, however; and the Anglo-French alliance will long remain what it has been up to the present time, a tacit understanding between two great powers, not hostile to each other, and since the Russian war, in the maintenance of the relations, with perhaps fewer outward demonstrations of official friendship, and on the part of France, a juster appreciation of the value of the alliance. The *Constitutionnel* of March 31 has an article signed by its chief editor, M. Grandguillot, endeavoring to refute the English orators and pamphlets. This article asserts that Napoleon has done everything to render the alliance acceptable, which, if ruptured, would be the signal for a struggle between the two great powers. M. Grandguillot declares that "the alliance is not strong enough to break it."

As a reply to Lord John Russell's diatribe against Louis Napoleon's ambition the eminent apologist of the Tuileries has published a significant document. It is a paper of 4000 and 15000, 1750 and 1860. In the former epoch France had 15 significant colonies in Canada, India, Eastern Seas and the West Indies. She is now annexed to the British Empire. In a hundred years England has annexed Australia, New Zealand, Hindostan and others too tedious to enumerate. France has lost all—her only gain being Algeria. This map will prove a blister to French vanity, and will lead to a considerably gasconade at the cafe.

A Miss NANCY WEARY, lately died in Wadebridge, aged eighty-two. In her lifetime there was found about a fine thousand pounds stowed away in out of the way places. In a hand-basin was found fillets of guineas and other gold coins. Rolls of bank notes, silver coin and other valuables were dragged out of drawers and private drawers; one old boot was full of silver. It is supposed that there are still many valuables stowed away, as she had lived in the same house for sixty-one years. As she had money at the bank her relatives were not aware of her hidden treasures.

Among the violent or heroes of Great Britain are to be found many brutes. As Andy was walking out on Clapham Common with her dog, four of these valiant rascals, who would run away from a Frenchman as fast as their legs could carry them, made the dog a target, and one of them, a John Kerrison, sent a bullet through the poor dog. The owner happened to be a lawyer, and he has since the brute Kerrison arrested, and his three companions are summoned as witnesses in his trial. It is not probable that they will get six months imprisonment, as the court has the power to make it either life or imprisonment. Such a cruel brute would murder if he could do it secretly.

As Tom PADDOCK is now a historical character, owing to his once having received the honor of a drubbing from the redoubtable Tom Sayers, we chronicle the fact that he has lately prosecuted a carman for an assault. Thomas Paddock, the carman, stated that on the 2d of March he was at the Cambrian stores kept by Mr. Langham. He had been out all night drinking, and had had some words with the prisoner about some money and a knife, which the prisoner refused to give up, and

and stabbed the prosecutor on the head and chin. The jury found the prisoner guilty of unlawfully wounding, and he was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment. Our readers will perceive that stabbing is resorted to in England, but the fellows are punished there for it—here they seldom are. Nine-

the crime of breach of trust among confidential informants is becoming very



IV, April 17, at Farnborough, near Aldershot, England, resulting in a Drawn Battle after Forty-two Rounds.



Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper---The Great Fight between Heenan and Sayers for the Championship, on

A WORD TO MY LADY JANE.

What do they mean? said Lady Jane,
As she spelled the paper o'er,
And languidly fumbled the word in her be
"Wants of the suffering poor?"
They must be shiftless, helpless things—
Why don't they learn to bake?
Or if good bread's so very scarce
Why don't they eat pound cake?

A good idea, my Lady Jane,
Give pound cake to the poor!
Did you ever give a crumb from your loaf
To the starved wretch at your door?
O happy, happy Lady Jane,
Not to know what hungering is:
I'll teach you to look, my Lady Jane,
On that picture and on this.

My Lady Jane, ere the bells toll noon,
Gets up from her bed of down;
Takes her morning meal in a well-warm'd room,
Then saunters or rides through town.
Long before dawn, from their scanty beds,
In rooms where the ice beads lurk,
The poor arise, and famished and cold
Slink to their daily work.

My Lady Jane, when the night draws near,
Should your ladyship choose to dine,
Rare viands are served upon silver or gold,
And crystal glass flashes with wine!
See how nobly the poor man dines—
Don't grudge him his swill-fed meat;
If you saw, you would think it, my Lady Jane,
Not fit for your dogs to eat!

My Lady Jane has dressed and dined,
Her carriage is waiting below;
To bear her to opera, concert or ball—
Then to slumber 'twixt sheets of snow!
Twelve hours' work for the poor, then home
Or else to the rumhole creep,
To drown their poverty, sin and shame,
In a drunken, fevered sleep!

My Lady Jane was richly born,
And marries her wealth to wealth;
She has youth and beauty, and hosts of friends,
And God's best blessing, health.
She has scarcely a wish half formed, when lo!
Reality springs up to greet!
What should she know of grim hunger pangs
Though a starv'd wretch fell dead at her feet!

The poor they have no friend but God—
Alas! that so few know Him!
They labor until their muscles fail,
And their very eyes grow dim!
They suffer wrong and wrong commit;
Their struggles are hard but brave;
They live their life out wearily,
And all for a pauper's grave!

Then, Lady Jane, "neath that diamond brooch
A solemn searching make,
And find if a heart is beating there;
And then, for charity's sake,
Open that heart to the wealth of love
Which nature has hidden in store,
And aid with an open, bounteous hand
"The wants of the suffering poor!"

THE LIFE LIGHT;

OR,

THE FORTUNES OF A SAILOR:

A Tale of the Australian Waters.

BY MALCOLM J. ERYM,

Author of "The Wreckers," "The Sepoys," "The Life Raft,"
"The Will-o-the-Wisp," "The Renegade," "The Incendiaries,"
"The Snow Drift," &c.

CHAPTER I.—SHOWING HOW THE LIGHT DAWNED UPON THE SAILOR'S PATH.

WHILE Jack lay there sleeping in his little state-room aboard of the Medusa, the fourth day out from Sydney, and when he was nearly recovered from the severe illness which had held him prisoner for several weeks, a fairylike creature opened the door, looked timidly around, entered with noiseless steps, advanced to the side of his couch, earnestly regarding him, and listening to his breathing, and quite involuntarily murmured,

"Poor Jack! how pale and thin he is! Poor fellow!"
And there was a pearly tear of pity in each deep blue eye as the fairy bent down and pressed her soft lips to his own.

Unable to control either his delight or wonder at such an awakening, and half-thinking that he had died in his sleep and gone right away to heaven, Jack started up, just in time to catch a glimpse of the fairy's face, golden tresses and sylphlike figure. For an hour thereafter he had lain there, thinking of that strange event, quite sure that he had seen his angelic visitress before, though he could not decide when or where. He was, finally, almost tempted to declare it all a dream, when a slight noise at his door caused him to turn a stealthy glance in that direction.

There she was again—the same little fairy! She had already entered and closed the door, but as softly as she could.

"Are you awake, sir?" said the sweetest little voice in the world.

Jack held his breath, not daring to reply, lest his gruff tones should frighten the enchantress away.

"I'm sure you are," continued the sweet voice, "or else you would not keep so still!"

"Right—quite right, little 'un. But don't get frightened, or I shall wish I had never waked."

"Fie—that's wicked! But do you feel quite well now, and able to sit up?"

"Quite."

"Oh, I am so glad! Don't you remember me?"

And the visitor advanced closer to his couch, and stood where the rays of the setting sun, streaming through the deadlight, fell upon her form and features.

"I am Mary Dalton, the daughter of the Earl of Ernecliffe, of the Admiralty, the little nuisance you risked your life to save from drowning last summer in Melbourne."

"Oh! indeed—indeed!"

A look of joyful recognition passed over Middleton's face, as he took the maiden's little hand in his own, and said,

"How glad—how very glad I am to see you, dear little Mary Dalton. But how came you here?"

"We are going home with you in this vessel—father, mother and I. We have all been inquiring after you of Captain Storms every day, and I have been here three times before to see you when you were asleep!"

"Indeed! What a pleasure I have lost!"

"I cried bitterly when Captain Storms told father that you had been nearly murdered by some wicked man, and that you were not yet able to sit up. Can I do anything for you?"

"No—that is—yes—stay with me a little while longer, if you can. Do not forget to give my compliments to your parents—if, indeed, they ever think of such a humble friend as myself."

officer of the Medusa, and will be so long as he can bring you off from the shore in a blanket."

"That's the way he did it the other day," rejoined Middleton, smiling. "But I feel much better now—I think I'll try to get up. I dressed myself this morning, but concluded I was rather too weak to venture forth to-day. Now, however, you've made a new man of me with your bright eyes and cheering presence. Ah, how like an angel you are! Can it be possible that this is a reality—that I do not dream?"

The maiden smiled, and gently placed her soft palm under Jack's weary head, as if she would assure him by her touch that she was really there.

"Thanks—thanks!" he said. "It is you, indeed—the same sweet face and kind tones. Hadst thou but been here, I should have been well long ago. I've thought of you often since that little acquaintance in Melbourne. Even to-day I was wishing that I could have such a little angel to cheer my lonely and profitless life—to be my light in all the darkness of the world."

"You are lonely, then, sometimes?"

"Oh, how lonely! Since my poor mother has gone, I have not a relative on the earth, and do not know one lady who thinks—"

"Don't say it, please! I have often wished that I might see you—that I might do you some good in return for saving my life. Don't you remember how earnest, and truthful, and aspiring you used to be during the few weeks we were occasionally together. I never saw such a man before—I have never seen such an one since. You needn't look so incredulous, just as if I were flattering—it is true. Father told Captain Storms, yesterday, that he'd rather have me marry such a man as you, should I ever marry, than all the titled profligates in the world. He used to be a sailor himself, you know, and that's why he likes men of your profession, and why I do too, I suppose. But I'm not the little angel of which you were speaking; they all say I'm a nuisance. And I liked to have fallen overboard twice on Tuesday, trying to catch a shark—the blackest fellow you ever did see!"

"The same radiant being as ever! Ah, Mary Dalton, you know not what lightness and brightness you bring to my heart!"

"Then I'll stay with you all the time. Everybody else says I annoy them to death, and so I'll be friends with you."

"Ah, if you only would!" said Middleton, a little doubtfully.

"I will! I like you!" and she raised her eyes a moment to his manly face. "I'll come and nurse you till you are strong as ever. Kitty says I'm a first-rate hand to take care of babies, and why shouldn't I be your doctress and attendant? Oh, dear! I wish the supper-bell would ring! I'm hungry as a bear! Don't you want some toast, or tea, or—"

"No, no, little 'un! I want nothing but you!"

"Ask papa, then," was the roguish reply. "I dare say he'll give me to you—most assuredly if I should tell him to. Papa lets me do just as I please, and that's why I'm thinking of buying a curious bear a man has in a cage on the deck. If I only liked the owner as well as I like such pets it would be a bargain; but he's an awful ugly-looking man. He gave me an apple, but I couldn't eat only a little, just as he was looking, and then it suddenly slipped overboard (by mistake of course)! But now—"

"Listen, you little madcap!" interrupted Middleton, gravely. "Don't you know you are setting me into the worst fever a man ever had?"

"Goodness!"

"Only feel of my pulse—two or three hundred a minute!—and see how wild and feverish I'm getting about the eyes!"

"Goodness gracious! I'll call Dr. Parmlee at once."

"No, listen; I want to say a word to you. The happiness of this moment only makes the usual loneliness of my life appear all the blacker."

"And it's just so with me."

"I dread your withdrawal."

"And I wish I could be with you all the time!"

"Then let us be friends—real friends—sharing our joys and sorrows with each other."

"With all my heart."

"Enough, Mary Dalton. I see in your gentle glance the light which shall be my guiding beacon for ever. We have both had our sorrows—I in a mother turned out of house and home in my absence, and wandering off to Australia in search of me, and dying wretchedly or living unheard of—and you in an only brother, stolen from home when a mere child, and whose fate is unknown. But we have still hopes and joys enough, or can have, to teach us the blessedness of living. Let this little hand, now resting so confidently in mine, be that of an affectionate and noble friend, as long as it shall retain the pulses of life!"

"I shall. That which is of the spirit is for ever. Each can be a dear earthly shrine to the other, with our Heavenly Father over and above all."

"Thanks—thanks."

Middleton drew that little maiden closer to his side, and almost reverentially pressed his lips to her Madonna-like brow. He knew that her soul, so childlike and tender, had been touched by that divine fire which kindles the incense on the altars of Heaven. He knew that he could trust such a fresh young heart, the more especially as an intelligent aspiration had raised it above those stagnant levels where deception and the countless follies and weaknesses of human nature have their abode. Then and there he resolved that she should be the angel of his home and heart for ever.

They were both young, however; he barely in the first flush of youth, while Mary had not yet passed that point when girlhood trembles on the verge of womanhood. To them all things seemed possible; difference in station and in wealth were as nothing in the scale of probability when weighed against the fervor of their growing passion. Youth is a mighty schemer; Hope is its architect, but the fabric it raises are based upon empty dreams and pass away as utterly.

"Father and mother both like you, too," added Mary Dalton, after a pause; "and mother says you look some like her lost Reginald. Are you quite sure that you are in reality plain Jack Middleton? How funny it would be if papa should know all the while that you are an earl or a count, and be laughing in his sleeve at what he said about my marrying a Jack Tar! But—good Heaven! what is the matter?"

"That face—that man!" gasped Jack, more deadly pallid than ever, and a look of the most painful alarm convulsed his countenance.

"That man—where?"

Mary Dalton looked around, and was just in time to detect the cause of Middleton's emotion. A man had opened the door and thrust his face through the opening, looking searchingly in upon the twin—vanishing as soon as his eyes encountered the sailor's.

"The very man," said Jack, "by whom I was so nearly murdered in Sydney four weeks ago! Thank Heaven! he's gone. But how came him aboard of this ship?"

"Heaven! that's Mr. Gannels, the naturalist—the man who has the bear in a cage, and who gave me an apple!"

"Well, little Mary, that's the same villain who plunged a knife between my ribs, and who fired at your father twice in Melbourne last summer, thus connecting us in a strange fashion together."

"Is it possible?"

"Say nothing just now to any one, only tell your father when you go out that I am well again, and that I should be much gratified at seeing him here a moment after supper. Do not be alarmed. There's probably no present danger before us."

"There! he's down and thank no more of it. I will light your little lamp and stay beside you till you get calm."

She next seated herself on the stool beside his couch, and leaned her head over on to his pillow, he still retaining his hold of her hand. For a long time he remained silent, thinking of that intrusion, till the heavy and regular breathing of Mary Dalton obtruded itself upon his notices.

"Ah, the little thing's tired," he said, "and is enjoying a nap."

He continued musing another half hour, and till supper seemed to be pretty well over, expecting every moment that the maiden would start out of her nest, for her position did not seem well calculated for repose. He waited until the cabin had become strangely silent, and till all manner of apprehensions had taken possession of his mind.

"Still asleep?" he finally said, in a louder tone than he had previously spoken.

There was no response.

"Wake up, little one!" he added, gently shaking her, "or you'll lose your supper!"

She fell heavily to the floor, but without uttering any noise, or seeming to awake. Thoroughly alarmed, Jack sprang out of his berth, and caught her up in his arms. She was paler than usual—insensible—like one in a trance.

Like lightning the truth suddenly flashed upon Middleton's mind. The apple given her by that infernal villain! he exclaimed—"it was drugged—poisoned!"

With a yell of terror and apprehension he sprang towards the door of his state-room, shouting for help.

"Help! murder!" he cried, in agonized tones. "Help—help!"

The door flew open before his frantic efforts.

All within the cabin was enshrouded in darkness and silence.

A heavy blow suddenly descended on Jack's head, and he pitched forward, over some object, losing his hold of Mary Dalton in the attempt to save her.

"Help! murder! mur—"

Another blow descended, and Jack felt himself dragged back towards the state-room from which he had emerged. Still a third blow descended on his unprotected head, and then his senses left him.

CHAPTER II.—AN ABANDON OF THE SEA!

It was twilight on the sea. The setting sun had flooded the heavens with such golden brightness, however, in the warmth of its farewell kisses, that the shores and waters of Australia were still lighted up with exquisite clearness and beauty. Rare and roseate shadows were blending with the purple which had mantled the sky, and which seemed the more lovely from its contrast with the dark blue sea.

That sea itself was strangely beautiful and calm.

And on that sea, at that calm hour, advanced the stately ship with swelling sails and bending spars, before a favorable breeze, with a rich freight, a large treasure list, and an unusual number of passengers. She was homeward bound, four days out from Sydney, for Liverpool: and how beat the gallant hearts aboard of her? How high their hopes and blest those keen imaginings of that fair land and those sweet homes beyond the heaving flood. How bright appeared the future to every one of those whose thoughts went over the trackless waters to friends for years and years unseen.

Thus onwards swept the stately ship, thus on, thus on.

Yet on that vessel's deck, at that sweet hour, there walked a man of mystery, as the demon of that Eden; a man not aged in years, but old in crime: dark-featured, strange and silent, a thin and restless figure, dressed in black, with a combination of the ministerial and infernal in his appearance.

He had just come out of the cabin, with a strange gleam of triumph in his eyes, and was walking a owly and abstractedly aft, and saying to himself:

"Thus far I have succeeded, thus my scheme of vengeance nears its consummation. Thus far all is well. The proud Earl of Ernecliffe and all his hated race shall crouch before the greatness of my revenge."

He paused amidst the weather bulwarks and stood gazing far and near over the waters on every hand, as if searching for an expected sail, while many a curious glance was bent upon him by the sailors of the watch on deck, and by the passengers sauntering here and there. All deemed him strange; the more inexplicable, that nothing was known concerning him beyond the fact that he had taken passage for Liverpool under the name of "Nat Gannels, Naturalist." Not one of all those souls aboard of the Medusa knew from whence that man of mystery came, nor what was his character or condition. Rumor said that he had been making a collection of the birds and beasts of Australia for the British Museum. A report, arising perhaps from the fact that he had a cage aboard—a wooden box about four feet square—directed "to the Earl of—" the name purposely left blank, and containing, it was said, a curious animal of some kind.

Sauntering forward, this man seated himself carelessly on that cage, and drew his cloak up closely around his chin and mouth, watching all things and movements about him with a restless eye. It was a curious cage that for a wild animal; a mere wooden box bored full of small holes, and a realization of the fact seemed to suddenly strike the self-styled naturalist, as his glances rested upon its rough sides, for a sarcastic smile lighted up his features.

"I've a few treasures aboard of this vessel," he muttered, with a vengeful gleam in his eyes, "and a number of servants. A cook, two waiters and three sailors—all escaped convicts from Botany Bay! Things in human shape that I have bought for gold, to execute my will! each and every one of them formerly transported for life! and all men of the most desperate and villainous description!"

The speaker suddenly started, still looking at the box.

A human finger, white and delicate enough to be a woman's, had been thrust through one of the holes therein!

Quietly drawing a knife from his pocket, the miscreant prepared to amputate that portion of the member presented to his view, but it was drawn back just in time to prevent him. Smiling his clenched hand furiously against the lid of the box as he replaced his knife, he gave utterance to a word or two of fierce denunciation, and then listened.

All was still, and nothing more of the finger was seen. Arising, the naturalist commenced walking to and fro. An hour he paced the vessel's deck, while the passengers and crew were at supper, and nothing did he seem to see but that cloud coming up in the northern horizon as the precursor of a tempest.

But another hour thus passed had brought him stranger sights!

Thus walking, he had seen the sailors of the watch on deck sink down at their several stations in a deathly sleep. Thus walking, he had seen the last man on deck, save him at the helm, yield to the powers of that singular slumber, and yet had not uttered a word of surprise at the unusual occurrence, nor lost a single step in that quiet and noiseless marching to and fro.

Descending into fore-cabin, he had quietly surveyed the motionless figures ranged around it in various postures of drowsiness and fatigue, and each in a sleep like death.

"Men!" he had cried.

Two sailors had thrust their heads forth from their berths at one side of the apartment.

"Ah! there you are—two! Remain!"

The sailors had drawn back out of sight, lying still.

And then that sinister being had uttered in a cold and sepulchral voice, the words:

"It is done!"

He had then gone up to the deck, taking his way towards the cabin, from which neither Captain Storms nor any one of the passengers had emerged after going to their evening repast.

And there he stood, just without the entrance, looking stealthily around, like a man who watches and waits for some terrible consummation, as excited as a panther at the moment of springing on its prey, yet as agile, noiseless and cunning.

He looked a man of blood.

There were no lights within the cabin, and no sounds of laughter and conversation proceeded therefrom as usual. A strange and unearthly silence had fallen upon the ship—a silence broken only by the occasional creaking of a block or the dashing of a wave.

Just at that moment there came a wild cry from the cabin or state-room; another and another, all calling for help.

"That's Middleton!" said Gannels. "He's in the hands of my two trusty waiters!"

There was heard the sounds of a scuffle within the cabin, but all was soon still again.

Then the cabin lamps were lighted, burning cheerfully in their usual places, while two forms were seen moving here and there for a moment—finally vanishing into a state-room.

Then Gannels noiselessly entered the cabin.

There lay the passengers—male and female, old and young—on each side of the well-filled table, all in the profound silence of death, but having not its semblance. On each and every cheek were seen the hues of health and life, and from every throat there came the steady respirations of the calmest sleep.

Strange, that sleep! strange—the solitary figure regarding that score of sleepers.

It was an awful scene.

There lay the captain of that stately vessel, one leg still resting on the chairs from which he had fallen backwards as powerless as if life had already left his stalwart frame.

There were the forms of several young and lovely women, and among them the form of one younger and lovelier than the rest—a very angel of beauty and grace, lying prostrate on the cabin floor, her luxuriant tresses dishevelled, and the matchless symmetries of her bust and shoulders, all too much exposed to that man's inflamed and glaring eyes.

Alas! it was Mary Dalton lying where she had been precipitated from the arms of Jack.

A wild cry of triumph—such as a wolf might utter when scenting his prey—escaped the lips of that man of terror, as his glances roved all too admiringly over the form of that helpless and hapless maiden.

"Ah!" he said "it's you, Mary Dalton? I rather expected you here."

He then passed on. Next beyond Mary Dalton lay the forms of her father and mother, the Earl of Ernecliffe and the Countess. To these noble victims came the destroyer, spurning their prostrate bodies with his foot, while a vengeful glow appeared upon his swarthy features.

"And I rather expected you," he added, looking from one to the other. "My early acquaintance with you, madame, was not very pleasing; but I expect my last interview will be satisfactory to me, at least, quite pleasing—quite."

From the Earl's coat he drew a bulky package of papers and placed them in the inner pocket of his own, after a hasty glance at them.

"There's the will?" he muttered, "with securities and various documents relating to his enormous wealth. It's all right—all right."

From those august persons he then took the watches, rings, money, all their valuables, making a collection of them in a basket which came to his hand, and adding the various articles of value he could collect from the other victims, nearly filling the basket with them altogether.

And then that being laughed—a low and hollow chuckle—and soliloquized:

"All of them are safe save that sailor, Jack Middleton, in the state-room, yonder. He's too sick to have eaten any of the drugged supper, and is, therefore, able to be stirring. I had better go and strike him to the heart at once. It is time that I had made sure of him, in some way or other. Already he has made an impression on my intended, there, which she will never forget."

Placing his hand upon a concealed weapon, he advanced towards the state-room in question, with noiseless footsteps—listening in utter silence—with murder no less plainly written on his countenance than in the rigidity of his hand and arm.

"Now for it," he muttered, opening the state-room door and hastening within—only to recoil with a wild cry of surprise.

The intended victim's couch was empty—Middleton was gone.

Returning to the end of the dining-table, the villain stood still a moment, and looking anxiously around, listened.

"Men!" he cried.

The two waiters showed themselves from the state-room they had entered.

"What did you do with that sailor, a few moments ago?"

"Put him in his state-room, there," was the reply.

"Strange! He's vanished like a vapor."

The mystery was that the ruffians had deposited Middleton in the state-room adjoining his own.

"Go! vanish again—four!"

The two waiters retired.

"Perhaps the girl's only in a faint," muttered Gurneels, the moment's defeat making him cautious. "The little of the drug she took with the apple would not keep her asleep a great while. I might have frightened her so—finding her with Middleton—that she could not eat any supper. In that case she may recover her senses at any moment. He could not have recognized me when I looked in upon him, as the Melbourne assassin, or as the author of the recent attack—no, no! Mary Dalton may have merely fainted at finding her parents and friends in this condition, and be already coming to herself. I had better, to make sure of her, stow her away in Middleton's state-room and lock her in. I'll do it."

He raised the insensible girl in his arms and conveyed her to the couch but so recently occupied by Jack Middleton. He then left her, after kissing her several times, and muttering his criminal admiration of her charms.

"Now for the treasure!" he then said, turning the key of the state-room door in the lock. "I must get all ready for retreat. The sloop was on the weather bow at sunset, and will soon be beating down this way again. Strange where that Middleton can have vanished to so suddenly! But I'll keep on my guard against him, and then all will be safe. As to those four tools of mine," he added, lowering his voice—"those two fellows in the fore-cabin, and those two here—they've done the work marked out for them, and received their reward. I want no confederates to witness my triumph, nor to share in the gain. A deadly poison is now burning in their veins. In ten minutes they will be helpless—in an hour they will be dead!"

CHAPTER III.—THE TREASURE—THE VICTIM IN THE CAGE—THE SHIP ON FIRE!

PROCEEDING to the commander's state-room, light in hand, Gurneels commenced a careful search. He soon discovered about thirty bags of gold, and twice that number of bars—the latter shining and glistening as he gathered them into a heap on the floor.

"That belonged to the English Government," he muttered, "as its share of the yield of the Australian mines for one season; but it's now made over to me. I hate the English Government, in its every official, from the highest to the lowest, with a perfectly rabid hatred, and that's the first prompting of the deed I am committing. I mean to get paid for the flesh and blood coined from me in Botany Bay and elsewhere—that is all—and pay Dowlingshire for his share in the evidence that sent me there. Oh, curse them—curse them!"

Continuing his investigations, Gurneels soon had possession of the gold dust, bullion and specie belonging to the passengers—all this, with the Government treasure, forming an aggregate far surpassing the brightest anticipations he had cherished.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "I have succeeded. The wealth of the Indies is mine! The hour of my triumph has come!"

Taking a lantern from a side-table, he put out all the cabin lights, and went on to his cage, paying no heed to the rising winds. Drawing a piece of red chalk from his pocket, he held up his lantern so that he could see the inscription on the box.

"To the Earl of —," he read aloud. "Seeing that I am about to take my final departure from this vessel, I may as well direct this present to its full address."

It was soon done.

"To the Earl of Ernecliffe," he then read. "That's it as plain as day. Only one thing remains to be done."

He produced a key from his vest pocket and unlocked the box, raising the lid, and accidentally upsetting his lantern at the same moment. Not an instant did he pause to regard the object in the cage, but drew his knife and plunged it into the restless figure repeatedly, laughing as the victim's blood spouted forth upon his hand and arm. Half a dozen blows or more, and then that remorseless being listened.

A faint moan came from the victim, but there was no movement—no other indication of life.

"Dead men tell no tales," soliloquized Gurneels, dropping a paper into the box; he then closed down the lid and made it as secure as before. "And there he is, written explanation and all! Bah! when the earl comes out of that deathly sleep he'll find a nice present in this box! And when he gets home to England, some dark night perhaps a year hence, he will receive a midnight visit, and thereafter there will be a new proprietor of the Ernecliffe estate. Thus, step by step, I am coming to the fulfillment of my revenge! As to Mary Dalton, that budding rose, I shall take her with me in the sloop, to be the pride of my island home."

He retraced his steps towards the cabin, adding in a lower tone: "Well has he borne in mind my threat to kill him at the faintest cry! Well has he believed my statement that all persons aboard of this ship were my tools, or he might have summoned aid."

From the man at the wheel, a confederate of Gurneels, there came a loud cry of,

"The sloop again—the sloop!"

A signal rocket had suddenly shot high into the air on the lee quarter.

"I see it," rejoined Gurneels, joyfully. "The sloop is just in time to take us off with the treasure. Orloff has been faithful. Taking myself off, and leaving these persons to their fate, it cannot be said that I destroyed them, whatever may occur to them after I am gone."

Up and down the deck walked Gurneels, drawing an empty vial from his bosom, and flinging it hissing away into the troubled waters.

"I only put them to sleep for a few hours," he added. "That was all—that was all! I would not harm one of them for worlds—oh, no! The steward had his suspicions, but I succeeded at last."

A flash as of a cannon again indicated the whereabouts of the sloop some two or three miles away on the lee quarter.

"Yes, yes, that's Orloff," said Gurneels, thoughtfully, "but—"

His eyes had rested upon those clouds in the northern board—before so small, but which had increased in size so rapidly during the last few moments that they already covered more than one-half of the sky and were constantly growing larger.

"But—that's bad, bad!"

A tremor passed over his form, an emotion checking his steps and absorbing all other thoughts.

"Yes—bad, bad!"

He came to a halt, still looking at those clouds, as if the storm they betokened was something he had not taken into account, and something for which he was not wholly prepared.

"I should not wonder—the storm is gathering so rapidly—if it prevents me from reaching the sloop. Ten thousand curses! what can I do?"

He reflected a moment in silence.

"Well," he then said, "in any case the gold is here, and the girl here—all safe for the present—and I must get out of the difficulty in the best way I can. If I live I shall triumph, for I'll conquer or die!"

He went on again, advancing towards the man at the wheel, while another signal was made from the sloop. But he paused a second time as he saw how swiftly and threateningly a fierce puff of wind was riding down towards the Medusa on the surface of the waters, fairly lashing them into a wild foam.

"I'm in for it now," he muttered; "and I must be on my guard against that Middleton!" he added, with a somewhat troubled intonation of voice. "The waters couldn't have found him a great deal, or he would have been found. Middleton—Middleton?" he repeated. "But Middleton the name of the woman Orloff picked up somewhere in Melbourne, and was retaining captive on the island or in the tropic?"

"It's coming, Mr. Gurneels!" cried the man at the wheel. "Every sail set—we shall be taken aback!"

Gurneels started as if shot at the mention of Middleton from the silent cabin. Jack's head was bowed up and his face bloody, from the beating he had received from the two waiters, but he was not seriously injured. A single glance of his experienced eye seemed to assure him of the peril of the vessel, for he cried sharply to the man at the wheel,

"Hard a port, there!—hard a port! and be lively!"

The man delivered to obey, but the fierce tempest was too soon upon the ill-fated vessel. He exerted all his strength to avert the danger, when the wheel-ropes parted the wind catching the Medusa on the starboard quarter, and breasting her to.

"Lost—lost!" cried Middleton. "And these hapless men and women—"

The conclusion of the sentence was lost in the wild hurrying of canvas and crashing of timbers as the vessel went over on her beam end.

"The fleet!" cried Jack.

He had grasped at the weather-mizzen-rigging, where he held on with all his might. Gurneels beside him. The drugged sleepers in the cabin were undoubtedly safe for the present, he thought, unless injured by that sudden transit to the lee side of the vessel. The guilty man at the wheel had not been able to assure his safety, but had been killed over the lee quarter and swept away by the billows. Gurneels's cage had pitched forward into the lee main-rigging, going the length of the chain by which it was fastened to the deck, and there it hung, Jack momentarily finding himself wondering, despite all peril, whether it would plunge overboard or not.

"Well, here we are!" was his first exclamation, with a withering glance at the author of all this ruin, "and a pretty mess you've made us!"

A hand touched him on the arm. By the phosphorescent light of the waves he could see that it belonged to the steward, who was clinging to the beland's side him.

"That's the man!" shouted the steward, indicating Gurneels; "he's poisoned all the passengers and crew—all except me!"

A strange cry succeeded, coming from the cage, hanging there in the main-rigging.

"We've stirred up the monkey, anyhow," declared Middleton with his usual coolness and good-nature, but with a stealthy eye upon Gurneels. "Jocko doubtless thinks he's living in troublesome times!"

The steward had become even paler than the white glare of the waves.

"What a fright it gave me!" he exclaimed. "On my soul, I thought that cry was human."

Middleton's experienced eye had already taken in the vessel's position.

"There's but one way to help ourselves," he said; "I'll get an axe or two, Norcross, and we'll cut away the masts."

This was done, after ten minutes of peril and labor, Gurneels assisting, and then the Medusa righted, cleaned to the deck of all her spars and rigging, as of everything moveable she carried, even to her beam.

"So, so," said Jack, "that looks a little better!"

Gurneels had also discovered a cause of joy, the safety of the cage. "Yes," he muttered, rubbing his hands gleefully together, "it's safe again—quite safe! I wouldn't have Ernecliffe fail to discover it for the world!"

"Bast the monkey!" exclaimed the indignant Middleton. "He takes more care of it than he would of a man or woman. I've half a mind to set the reptile flying, if only to spite the bloody villain!"

As if to appease the sailor's wrath, a sudden lurch caused the chain to draw out the head of the box, and it went flying across the deck. The next instant, if Jack at his companions had watched its flight, they would have seen a dark figure arise from that box and dart towards the cabin, but they were all busy, and for the next fifteen minutes thought of nothing but the safety of the ship.

By the end of that time the wind blew a hurricane, the storm culminating, and the vessel rolled heavily, lying in the trough of the waves. The darkness, too, had become thicker—so thick and heavy, that Middleton became apprehensive that the assassin's knife might again be aimed at his life, as he turned to retreat aft.

A loud flame shot up suddenly at that instant in the cabin, illuminating all the after part of the Medusa.

"Thunder!" cried Middleton, recoiling; "what's that Norcross?"

The steward replied with a wild cry of terror.

"That?" said Gurneels, as a blood-red glow lighted up his swarthy features, till he looked like a fiend. "A stove has been overturned in the cabin, and the ship is on fire!"

"Fire, fire!" cried the steward, in the wildest alarm. "The ship is on fire!"

(To be continued.)

THE HEROINE OF STATEN ISLAND—A MYSTERY.

Two years ago the public sympathies were roused and their sense of security startled by the mysterious disappearance of a lady of unblemished character, the wife of an officer of the United States army, and the mother of a child nine years old. She had left her home in Staten Island to visit her sister in New York, had paid that visit, had missed the boat on her return, had been seen to get into a stage to depart town again, and there she disappeared. It was said that she had been seen to proceed by a later ferryboat to the Vanderbilt building, and that she had engaged a hack carriage to drive her to her house, and the presumption was that she had been visited and murdered by the blackmen. Two men who had been seen to talk to a lady about that time were arrested on suspicion, and, with the usual vindictiveness of a crowd, there was a strong disposition to increase the misdeed by hanging these unfortunates on the spot, as a holocaust to injured innocence. After holding them for a short time in custody, they were released on bail, and the matter dropped.

For the last three months every now and then mysterious paragraphs have appeared in the newspapers, to the effect that the murdered lady had proved the truth of the Pythagorean doctrine, and was to be seen in Italy. That she had been recognized, that she had once inadvertently answered to the name of Brennan, and that on three separate occasions she had precipitately left the city with her traveling companion upon meeting with these contradictory paragraphs had therefore prepared the public for the formidable array of facts given in the *Tribune* of the 24th April, when, in a letter from Rome, they made out a strong case of circumstantial evidence to prove that Mrs. Brennan, who so mysteriously disappeared in July, 1888, was not murdered, but had been aided by a friend, P. Wyman, who was an officer in the same regiment as her husband, Captain Brennan, and who had got leave of absence from the War Office about a fortnight before the time of her mysterious disappearance, and that ever since this virtuous pair—this modern Paris and Helen—had been travelling on the Continent, enjoying the pleasure of a pure Platonism, or whatever philosophers, Socialists, Fourierites, or such like vagabonds may call it.

The *Tribune's* evidence is briefly this: A young lady of Philadelphia, who had often been Mrs. Brennan's guest, saw her, and recognized her in Florence. A few days afterwards this lady's mother met the mysterious woman, caught her by the wrist, and cried Mrs. Brennan. A deadly paleness overspread her cheek, while the man who was with the lady, took to flight—rather a queer thing for a man to do, except in a field of battle or when he is running after a pretty widow—this seen to stamp this part of the story as a fabrication. It is also strange that the lady who ejaculated Mrs. Brennan did not get some word out of her—knowing the deep anxiety of the public to know the *denouement* of this affair. It is also a pity our Special Correspondent, Dr. Augustus Rawlings, was not present, or he would have unraveled the mystery or perished in the attempt. After this the supposed Mrs. Brennan was always seen veiled and in company with the gentleman who ran away.

This mysterious lady was also seen in Naples, and two officers in our army were struck by her likeness to their friend, Mr. Crane, the brother of Mrs. Brennan. We have not time to recapitulate the rest of the evidence, which is purely one of identity. As the *Tribune* names him Powell Wyman, first Lieutenant in the artillery, to the gentleman who is travelling with this lady and passing her off as his wife. We call upon his family here to give some explanation of this matter, or at least to tell all they know about him and his fair companion de voyage. It is not creditable that the reputation of the wife of one of our brave soldiers should be made the sport of gossiping correspondents or public talk. Let us hope that the whole story is a case of mistaken identity, for it is better that the late unhappy lady should meet with the untimely fate of murder, than the dignity of womanhood be sullied by an exponent, which displays such heartless cunning and diabolical indifference to the anxiety of her family and friends.

A FRIGHTFUL EVENT.

SIX weeks ago we recorded a fact which reflected the greatest disgrace upon the authorities of one of the police stations—the partial exhuming of a dead body by rats in the cell where a drunken man had been brutally or thoughtlessly placed while in a fit of intoxication. We have now to notice one still more appalling, and under circumstances which appeal as strongly to the sympathies of human nature, that it would not have been surprising had popular indignation taken summary vengeance upon those whose wicked neglect caused it. We quote from the *Evening Post* this brief account of an event which is possibly without a parallel:

"Mrs. Mary Connor, an inmate of Bellevue Hospital, gave birth to a child on Sunday evening, no attendant being present. On being laid next morning by the physician, the infant was found dead, its nose, upper lip and half the left foot devoured by rats. The mother had been aware of their presence, but was too much exhausted to drive them away or make an alarm. Several other women on the eve of accouchement were in the room, but were not aware of the horrible occurrence. The officers of the Hospital are severely censured by the morning press for their neglect and inattention."

This informs the public of one monstrous practice in the Bellevue Hospital—that it is customary to leave women in the most helpless of all conditions, unattended by either nurses or physicians. This criminal neglect, which really amounts to a constructive murder, should be immediately inquired into and the parties punished with the utmost severity. At all events, they ought to be dismissed and their names published without any delay or hesitation. It was proved at the inquest that the child was born alive. It is something almost too horrible to contemplate, but there is every probability that this little infant was actually eaten alive by those ravenous creatures. What has the Superintendent to say in explanation of this revolting barbarity, for public justice insists upon his answer?

RESTORATION OF AN ANCIENT NAME.

THE stream which finds its way into Spuyten Duyvil Creek, near King's Bridge, was known during the Revolution by its Indian name of "Moshola," and is so designated on the elaborate military maps prepared by the geographer of the King in 1775, and now in the State Library at Albany. In the confusion attending the change of institutions a change of name ensued—the "Moshola" became "Tibbit's Brook," and the part it bore in the stirring history of the "Neutral Ground," and the important evolutions of both armies about King's Bridge, only descended to the present generation in connection with its less euphonious and suggestive modern appellation. The region along its bank being in the lower part of the township of Yonkers, had slipped into the name of "South Yonkers," which is a mixture of pure English and bad Low Dutch. When the post office was created the name of the neighborhood was naturally given to it, causing no little confusion in the receipt of letters in connection with the larger settlement at Yonkers. The Postmaster-General has now changed the name to "Moshola," and in doing so has restored an ancient and traditional name to the county map.

A MURDER, A TRIAL AND AN EXECUTION IN THREE DAYS.

THE Western people do not understand what Shakespeare called the law's delays. If they are sure they are right they go ahead, like old Dave Crockett, and there can be no question that summary punishment is the truest mercy, not only to the criminal but to the community.

On the 6th of April a man named Young was settling some business matters in the Nebraska Territory with a Mr. West. They were both well to do in the world, and both very fond of money. A quarrel arose, and Young killed West; he then fled and concealed himself. The neighbors searched for him, and after a few hours found him concealed beneath a quantity of harness and lumber in a friend's house. He was taken and secured for the night. The next morning he was tried by a judge and jury selected from the crowd, when he acknowledged that he killed West, but obstinately refused to give any explanation. All persuasion was useless. He was pronounced, of course, guilty, and sentenced to be hanged next morning.

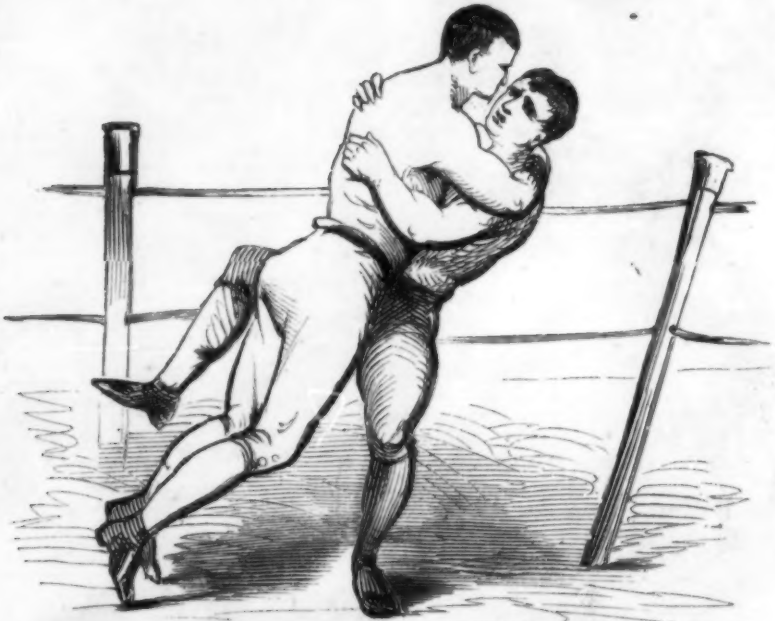
The next morning at seven o'clock he was brought out; a rope was tied to the branch of a broad-spreading tree, and after a short prayer he was launched into eternity. So much for summary punishment in Nebraska Territory.

BOMBARDMENT OF VERA CRUZ BY MIRAMON.

A LETTER from the U.S. ship *Saratoga*, dated Vera Cruz, March 23d, describes the ravages of the bombardment of the city by Miramon's troops. The writer says: "We have had seventeen guests in our little ward-room—ladies and children; altogether over thirty on board. Yesterday we transported them back to their homes, some of which are literally torn to pieces by the bombs and shells. I went to the house of an acquaintance, a German lady, who had been married but a fortnight, and had a beautiful house elegantly furnished. One huge bomb, fourteen inches in diameter, had exploded in the entry, after entering the wall of the house, eighteen inches thick and of stone, and entirely destroying her drawing and dining-room, and two chambers, with every article of furniture in them. Her bedstead was broken in pieces hardly large enough for tooth-picks. She had only risen from it twenty minutes before the firing commenced on that morning, and been hurried on board ship. Five thousand balls, shells and bombs were thrown into a city about four Philadelphia squares deep, and twelve or fourteen squares long. The loss of life was small, as for weeks families had been moving away. The soldiers were the safest, as the shot, with the exception of those thrown against one battery, were all thrown wantonly into the city, in the hope that by destroying women and children, the Government would be compelled to surrender. Miramon is the first Mexican who, in all their civil wars, has ever bombarded a Mexican city."

In 1888 there were 11,000 public-houses in London, while there were only 4,000 butchers and bakers. Again, 470,000 persons were counted as entering fourteen of the principal gin shops in one week, which gives an average of nearly 40,000 habitual attendants on fourteen out of the 5,000 gin shops of the metropolis. Again, it is stated that more than 10,000 persons are annually taken up in drunkenness in the streets of London, and that £50,000,000 are spent each year in spirits and beer in England.

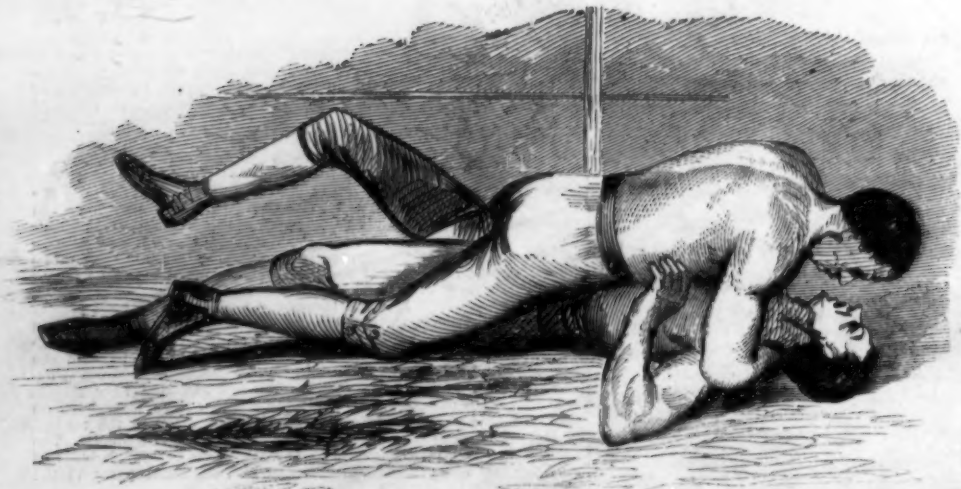
The various powers of Europe borrowed \$352,000,000 last year, all but \$12,000,000 of which was to pay for war. The India loan, the result of the revolt, is included in this amount.



ROUND 11—HEENAN RUSHED IN, CLINCHED, AND THREW SAYERS UPON THE ROPES



THE POLICEMEN BREAKING INTO THE RING AND PUTTING A



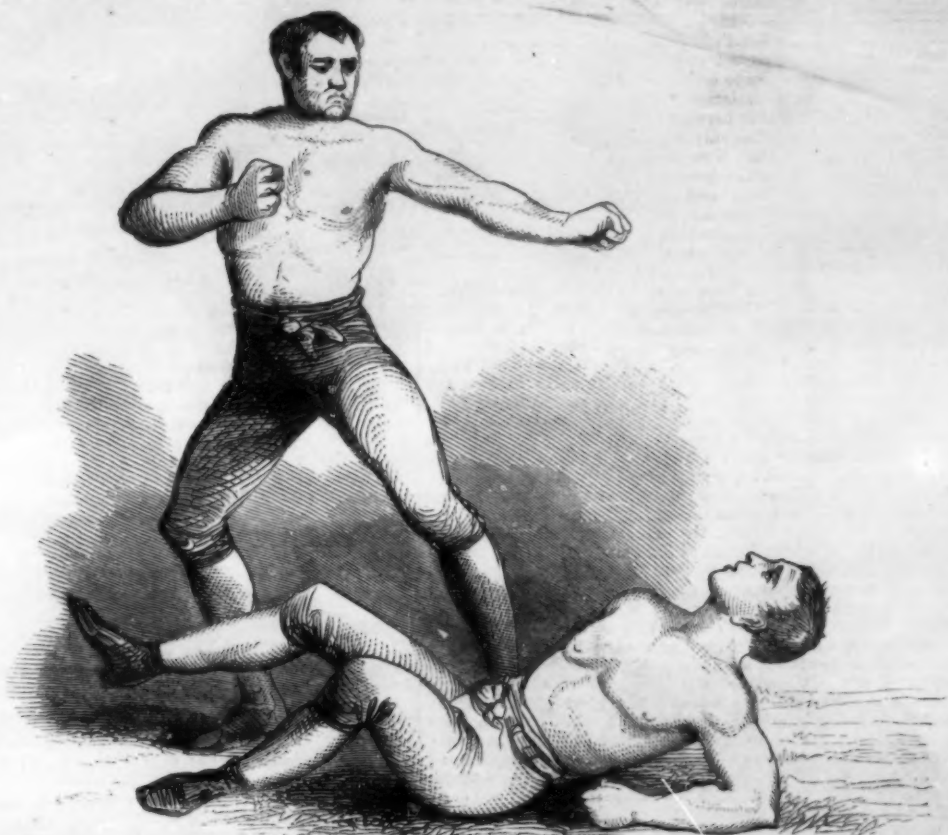
ROUND 19—HEENAN CLINCHED THE CHAMPION, AND THROWING HIM, FELL HEAVILY UPON HIM.



ROUND 6—SAYERS MAKES A MAGNIFICENT CUTTING HIT, WHICH MADE A COMPLETE CIRCUMFERENTIAL CUT OF HALF AN INCH.

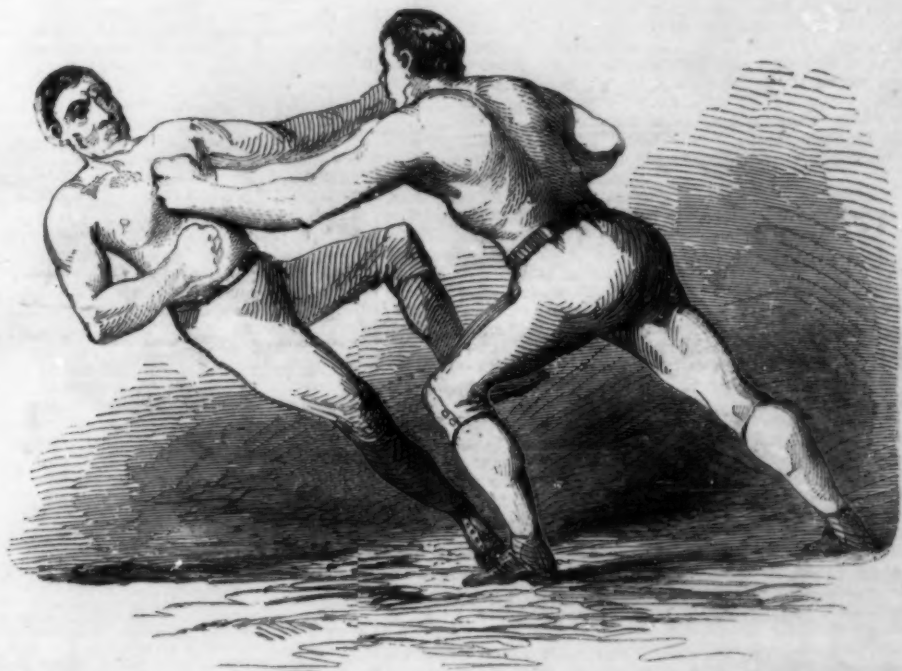
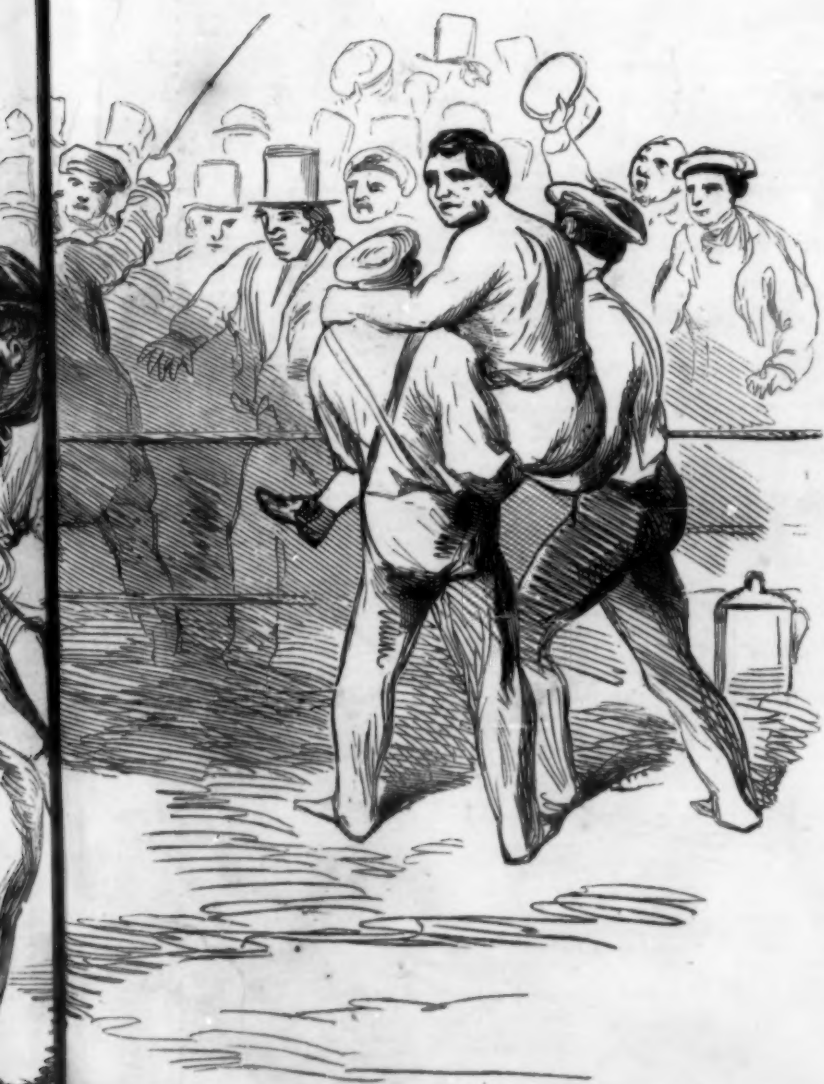


CARRYING THE COMBATANTS TO THEIR CORNERS—AFTER EACH ROUND THE COMBATANTS ARE TAKEN TO THEIR RESPECTIVE CORNERS BY THE MEN IN TOP HATS. REVERE CUT UNDER EYE.

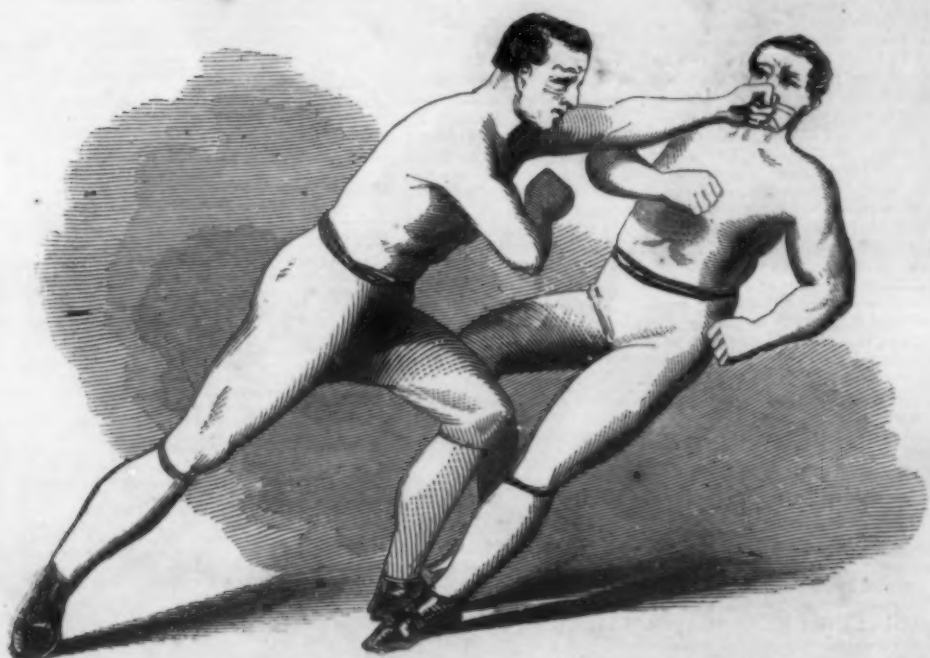


ROUND 15—HERNAN WENT STRAIGHT UP TO HIM AND HIT HIM DOWN WITH HIS RIGHT, AS IF SAYERS HAD BEEN MADE OF WOOD.

THEY PUTTING AN END TO THE FIGHT.



ROUND 10—HERNAN HITS SAYERS ON THE LEFT BREAST AND KNOCKS HIM CLEAN OFF HIS FEET.



ROUND 24—HERNAN HITS SAYERS BY HITTING HIM WITH HIS LEFT UPON THE NOSE, REPEATING THE OPERATION IN THE NEXT ROUND.

THEY TAKING THEIR SECONDS AND CARRIED TO THEIR SEVERAL CORNERS. MEENAN HAS JUST RECEIVED A CUT UNDER THE EYE.

HISTORY OF THE CHAMPIONS OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Could the gladiators of old be restored to life; could Julius Cæsar revisit earth and the Ultima Thule of his hope, Britannia; could the famed Old Parr, who was, we believe, "the oldest inhabitant" ever known in that sea-girt isle; and all of them be asked at one and the same time, On what occasion did the greatest excitement prevail throughout your country? we are convinced that the unanimous reply would be, "The memory of man runneth not to the contrary" of such another as that which has existed from the Land's End to John o'Groat's ever since the American Champion set foot on British shores. That the nature of man excites him to excel his fellows is undoubted; that a spirit of generous emulation is praiseworthy is beyond question; that ambition makes heroes, and that pride leads them on, is a truism which will cease only when this terrestrial globe ceases to revolve on its axis. Your scholar seeks to gain the highest prizes of his University; your orator seeks the praises of his audience; your conqueror seeks the fame bestowed by history; your patriot seeks a name in monumental marble; and why, as your "soldier seeks a bubble reputation 'e'en at the cannon's mouth," should not men whose position in society does not fit them for loftier aspirations, seek other paths of glory? Hercules, Nimrod, and Alexander were heroes in their time. Civilisation led us to believe that men may be heroes in art; but before the arts were known and studied, strength to subdue a Nemean lion, skill to catch the wild beasts of the field, and courage to conquer nations, was the aim and object of those who would live in fame. It has been ordained by Providence that the lot of man should vary. The strong and the rich command the weak and the poor; they have no need to toil, yet have they need to shun the luxurious indolence of the Sybarite. The wealthy citizen in purple and fine linen will not soil his hands to strike the man beneath him—but he of humble life has his hands alone to defend him. To him who can exhibit the greatest prowess in "withstanding the petty tyrant of his fields," belongs the honour, certain to be awarded him, of being the champion of his village. The boy will be father to the man, and in after life will learn to resent an insult and defend himself. These humble artisans hope not to be "cunning of fence" with smallsword or with pistol; but they hope to be the champions of their weaker brethren who may need their services, and be the protectors of those softer idols of their existence, without whose smile nothing in this life is enjoyable. The bravest man in the village is courted by all; men admire, women adore him. Need it, then, be matter of wonder that the unlearned hero should have recourse to his own method of becoming thus courted, admired, and famous? Great things from little causes spring; one village compares its hero with that of another, and a contest is the consequence. Their method of settling the dispute is not by leading the whole community to quarrel, nor do they lead legions to be killed by villainous salt-petre; but each matches its champion, and, like David and Goliath, they go out to do battle. The prize they contend for is glory, and that glory originates a battle for the prize. Prizes in money were given in Greece and Rome; immense rewards were received by the victors. Their feats of prowess are yet imitated by the lower classes of England and America.

Among the Greeks "fast-fighting" (in the Attic dialect, *pygmalionachia*) was one of the noblest games of the Palestra. It was considered highly honourable, countenanced and encouraged by the highest in the land. Ladies were always present, expressing their approbation and partiality by cheers and smiles, as we saw them for ourselves on the occasion of the fight between Morrissey and Thompson, near San Francisco, California. Sometimes the pugilists came at once to blows, charging in the most furious manner. Sometimes they passed whole hours in harassing each other. They usually had several rounds, as our boxers have, and when one of them felt he had "had enough," and wished to yield, he dropped his arms by his side as a sign that he was conquered. The judges then called out for the fight to cease; but the loser was ever afterwards a degraded man, for he ought to have died.

After the Greeks and Romans, the English naturally came next into consideration. Boxing does not seem to have been much practised by them, however, till about the commencement of the last century. Previous to that time swords were generally worn, and fencing was the mode resorted to for testing skill or settling difficulties. But gradually fist-fighting grew into such repute that it was patronised by the nobility and gentry, and often the King and the male members of the Royal Family were present to witness the encounter. In 1742 a large building, called "Broughton's Amphitheatre," was erected in London for the express purpose of affording an arena for prize-fighting sufficiently large to accommodate the numerous patrons of the "science." It was built by subscription, and had boxes, pit, and galleries like a theatre.

On one occasion one of the boxers was killed by his antagonist, in the presence of the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness withdrew in disgust, expressing his intention to withdraw his countenance from all such exhibitions in future; and the nobility following his example, for royalty always leads the fashion in England, did not openly attend such exhibitions again. However, they still occasionally did so by stealth and *incog.*, and we find George IV., before he came to his throne, at the time he was friendly with Beau Brummell and the "fast spirits" of that clique, a pretty frequent attendant at the weekly boxing matches which were held in various parts of London, in defiance of the authorities.

That the art of boxing is of the highest antiquity, no schoolboy will deny. He will remember that on the plains of Troy a battle was fought hand to hand, and without other weapons of self-defence, between Euryalus and Epeus. These great Pælonian chiefs had a quarrel when encamped before the city which held the fair and frail daughter of Leda, and became the first heroes of the fist ever recorded in history, by settling their dispute in a stand-up fight. This "little turn-up" occurred rather more than three thousand years ago, and may be read of in the second book of Homer's "Iliad." The encounter between Pollux and Amycus is of earlier date, but the costus was then in vogue; this affair took place near Pontus, during the Argonautic expedition, nearly thirteen hundred years before the commencement of the Christian era. Theocritus states that Amycus tried to win by a foul blow, but was felled and killed by his more expert antagonist. It may then be estimated by a careful and unbiased perusal of ancient authors, how much science and fair play were encouraged and appreciated even at that remote period. Virgil, "the prince of the Latin poets," sings of the contest between Dares, a descendant, it is said, of the before-named Amycus, and Eetelus, both celebrated pugilists. Several other single combats of a like nature are recorded by historians of a date anterior to the days of Virgil. The men who fought were held in high estimation; they were men of honour, and are recorded as such both in verse and prose. The gladiators were, of course, born in a humble sphere; they contended for prizes, yet did they evince bravery and endurance which seemed almost superhuman. There was a degree of brutality in their method of fighting which but ill accords with our present notions of a prize fight; and we are touched with amazement as we reflect upon the encouragement they received from the

softer sex. The injuries inflicted by the costus with which the hands were armed were very serious; "the dying gladiator" is an object of an admiration to this day, and his victorious opponent was often an object of derision for having lost his nose, or a row of teeth. Even bones were occasionally broken in these trials of strength and skill. It was deemed ignominious to leave the arena alive—"conquer or die" was then the motto. "Bring back your shield, or be brought upon it," was the parting injunction of the Spartan mother to her son as he went forth to battle. The gladiatorial contests were of long duration, for three reasons—firstly, the slowness with which the weight of their hands (the costus outside and a lump of lead inside) obliged them to fight; secondly, the want of "condition" which rendered protracted rests necessary between the "rounds;" and thirdly, the length of time requisite to kill a man, death being the result invariably anticipated. The state in which the combatants entered the *arena* (ring) is to us of the present day quite ridiculous. The greatest pains were taken to get a man out of, not into, condition; and he who was in best order, that is to say fatter, on the appointed day was thought to be in less danger of having a bone broken than his more inadequately fed opponent. They plainly knew nothing of training. Our method of boxing would have alarmed them; they fought not only with the armour we have noticed on their hands, but they had their heads also armed with a cap to protect the skull from the brazen-clad knuckles of their antagonists. The prize-battle of our day is fraught with less danger—at all events, the champion need be under no apprehension of suffering, as the ancients did, from obesity. The development of muscle, a lean body, cleanliness and clearness of the skin, are now the desiderata of a boxer. He can hit more sharply, if not as heavily, as did the well-fed pugilist of the olden time. He has no need to be maimed and killed, for his seconds are allowed to decide for him; he has no need to be unable to "bite no more crusts" like Menæchus, or to have a sightless orb hidden by a flattened nose like Anthos!

THE CHAMPIONS OF ENGLAND.

The first boxer recorded as Champion of England was named Figg; he flourished in the year 1719. In 1734 George Taylor became the nominal champion, but was shorn of his laurels in 1740 by Jack Broughton. Jack remained in office ten years, at the expiration of which he had to succumb to Jack Slack, who is described as of the same height as Tom Sayers. In a like period of time he had to yield to an immense man, named Jim Stevens, called "the Nailer," who sold his birthright to George Meggs. The next champion we find on the list is Bill Darts, who won the battle for a thousand guineas and the belt, in 1764; he had to resign it in five years to one Lyons, a waterman, who retained his position for eight years, and was succeeded by Harry Sellers. Tom Johnson was at the head of affairs from 1785 to 1790, when Big Ben, whose real name was Bryan, reached the top of the tree, and had his flag, which no man could soil, lowered by the grim destroyer, Mendoza, a Jew Ben had the honour for three years, when he was deprived of it by the gentleman boxer, Jackson. This hero, of wonderful frame and power, could boast of his acquaintance with nobility, and of having been the tutor of Lord Byron. On his retirement Jim Belcher succeeded to the title. This splendid fighter lost an eye by a racket-ball, and was beaten in his fight for the belt, which he held eight years, by the renowned Harry Pearce (the Game Chicken). He gave up his claim in 1808, and John Gully was proclaimed champion after defeating Gregson, near Newmarket. He declined the offer, and Tom Cribb became the acknowledged champion (with a belt and cup, given to him personally, and not to be transferred). Next on the record stand the names of Tom Spring, Jan Ward (still alive, and keeping a public-house in London), and Dan Burke. Bendigo and Caunt then stepped forward, and after their retirement in 1850, the Tipton Slasher was considered champion for one year. He was defeated by Harry Broome, who forfeited afterwards to him, and he a second time became champion. The champion, Tom Sayers, beat him, and gained the new belt.

Pugilistic encounters have continued at intervals from that period to the present. In 1821, a *soi-disant* representative of each nation (America and England) met and fought, but the constables interfered, and the contest ceased. In 1824 and 1829 other prize-battles took place, and so on up to 1838, when the renowned English boxer, Deaf Burke, came over. His name soon appeared in print, he fought two battles, but a general row, on the second occasion, put him to flight on horseback. There was an intention of ill-using him, so, taking up a bowie-knife, "He fought and he rode away." About this time the renowned Yankee Sullivan appeared upon the stage, and such fame did he acquire by whipping one Hammond, an English boxer, in ten minutes, that none other dared enter the lists with him. He was, however, regarded with looks of envy, and his Irishman origin caused him to be regarded as the adored hero and champion of all the Celts. The lads from the land of potatoes waved the green flag of their Emerald Isle in the face of American natives, and in consequence of the matter assuming a tinge of nationality, an antagonist was sought for, who should represent the Stars and Stripes. A knight of unshakable and unimpeachable American nativity was required, and the eyes of his fellow-countrymen turned towards Tom Hyer, then a fine young fellow of twenty-two. He had polished off several rough customers in casual quarrels, and had in that way achieved a degree of fame, which caused him to be considered a match for Sullivan. Hyer, however, by nature a peaceable man, sought no encounter with Sullivan. His naturally quiet demeanour, and habit of avoiding, rather than entering into, quarrel, was imputed by the Irish party to a want of courage. One of them, a powerful man, known as "Country McClusky," insulted him in the street, and out of this *fracas* arose a match, which was decided in 1841 near Hudson River, after a fight of two hours and fifty-five minutes, under a boiling sun, which Hyer won without a mark on his face or body. Sullivan's name was then at its zenith; he defeated in turn Seaver, Bell, and Caunt. Sullivan (we should have said) held a silver belt, which is not transferable, and may be called the original outward symbol of American championship. And this brings us to the fight between him and Hyer, the first actual demonstration towards deciding the Championship of the United States.

Hyer was by this time twenty-nine years old, and though his life had not been quite so consistently temperate as was desirable, he still possessed a splendid constitution, a most extraordinary frame, and unapproachable courage, united to the very best of temper. He was, with justice, regarded by his friends as the best man of the day, and, in their cups, they boasted of his prowess as providently, that the Sullivan party could no longer put up with their laming, and various efforts were made to bring the men together by chance, so that some measure might be taken of their respective capacities. Drink, one might say, induced Sullivan to go down into the saloon at the corner of Broadway and Park-place, there to come across and excite Hyer into passion. The consequence was an off-hand whipping of the Celtic hero by the Columbian Colossus, and the immediate arrangement of a grand combat for 10,000 dollars. The fight took place, February 7th, 1849, at Still Pond, Rock Point, on the eastern shore of Maryland, when Hyer easily disposed of Sullivan in sixteen rounds; the affair only lasting seventeen minutes and eighteen seconds.

The signal character of this most bitter battle, the long feud out of which it grew, the opposite nationality represented by the combatants, and the amount of money at stake on the result, all gave it an importance which had never attached to any previous prize-battle in the United States, and the victor became at once invested with the honorary and recognised position of Champion of America. No belt passed with the title, or attached itself to the champion's honour; but he was not the less invested with its rugged glory, and until he should fail to be able, or to be willing to defend the possession of that title to himself, the imaginary cincture of a hero's prowess still hung upon his loins. Hyer therefore may be fairly regarded as the first Champion of America, for though Bill Harrington, or "the Boss," as his admirers were fond of calling him, held, during his career, a sash as absolute as any champion ever did, he was not invested with any particular triumph that had been conceded to a body public prize. But the path of Hyer was a narrow one, and the flag of his country was the symbol of his cause. It is true he proclaimed at once upon his victory he would fight no more; but that did not diminish his title, for, from the extraordinary command which he exhibited over his opponent, there was no one who for a long while ventured to rouse him with a new temptation. Envy, however, never remains long within its lair, and all sorts of lures and provocations were put forward to make Hyer change his purpose. Once he was nearly hurried from his resting-place; but a challenge which had been sent to him was not allowed to ripen into a new battle—friends interfered, and the affair dropped. It arose from a quarrel and it ended in a reconciliation.

Just at this time, and when Hyer was again about settling down to the determination not to re-enter the prize-ring, the Tipton Slasher sent a bold defiance across the ocean, challenging the Champion of America for the traditional

ary £200, and asking him to come over and decide the palm of fistie greatness upon English ground. Hyer at once responded; but, after stating that he had already openly proclaimed his withdrawal from the ring, declared he would once more forego that resolution for the sake of giving his formidable British adversary the chance which he desired. Being himself, however, virtually out of pugilistic orders, he made it indispensable that the Slasher should come to him. To this end he offered to furnish him with the handsome sum of five hundred dollars for expenses, and to fight him for five or ten thousand dollars a side. The Slasher did not put in an answer to this proposition, and with that proclamation Hyer's career as a professional boxer closed. Nevertheless, he was so manifestly the superior of every other man of pugilistic aspirations in the United States, that no one felt inclined either to dispute the title with him, or to put himself to the danger of derision, by pretending to the Championship while "the Chief" was "in bloom." But had there been a belt, and that belt in Hyer's hands, there doubtless would soon have been a new competitor.

The pugilistic circle now seemed to have faded from the Atlantic States, but it soon again displayed itself in the North West. Thither had flocked the enterprising spirits, who sought gold and glory in California. In 1851 Hyer was there, but soon quitted the wild scenes of the gold regions. In the fall of that year, John Morrissey, of Troy, also journeyed thitherward. Shortly after Hyer's departure, an English pugilist, named Thompson (Peter Crawley's Novice) and one Willis made up a battle, which they pretended to be for the Championship of America. Thompson won with ease, at Sacramento, in 1852.

The *clat* gained by this exploit for Thompson, and the assumption by him of the great title, which had lain dormant in the hands of Hyer, at once aroused the envy and ambition of John Morrissey, who, not being willing to see an Englishman claim that proud distinction, in what he felt to be his own country (though he really passed his infancy in Ireland) challenged Thompson in a few days after the latter's victory. Looking on Morrissey only as an untried novice, Thompson readily accepted, and they fought, in the fall of the same year, at Mare Island, in the Bay of San Francisco, near Benicia, the battle resulting, after nine rounds, in the favour of Morrissey, who won without a scratch. Morrissey did not remain long at rest in California, but seeking new conquests went back to New York, and endeavoured in various ways to get up a match with Hyer. The retired lion, however, was not to be disturbed from his repose; and as the next best thing, the young champion, for such in fact he was, made a call on Yankee Sullivan, in order to repeat, if possible, upon him, the victory of Hyer. With the indomitable game which characterised him, Sullivan at once responded to John Morrissey's challenge, and the result of these exchanges of diplomacy was a battle at Boston Four Corners, on the 12th October, 1853, which may be said to have fixed satisfactorily and without dispute the lion's grizzly round the loins of the bold Trojan youth. Sullivan was defeated in thirty-seven rounds, and the two thousand dollars and the championship were transferred to the possession of his opponent.

A few other fights came off, but none of a first-class description. While things were progressing in this regular way, and John Morrissey was quietly enjoying the honours of Grand Commander of his order, there was in California, which he had lately left, a young competitor who was destined soon to challenge him for his laurels. This busy aspirant was a youth who had been born in Troy, New York, and spent his infancy and boyhood with the champion, but, being five years younger, had never figured as a rival in their boyish sports and contests. He, too, like Morrissey, had gone to California at the opening of the gold excitement, but wisely discovering that he had no talent for speculation, and not dreaming, striding as he was, of setting up business as a fighter, he took employment at his trade of blacksmithing, in the iron works of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which were situated at Benicia, on the Straits of Carquinez, between San Francisco and San Pablo Bay. He did not see Morrissey while Morrissey was in the Golden State, but kept smiting the anvil and welding the ponderous iron bars which developed the branching muscle that was destined in future time to exhibit itself in a more heroic way.

The possession of great physical superiority always strongly attracts the imagination of mankind, and out of the ruler class it soon groups a band of followers, who worship it with all the obedience of loyalty, and flock around it in a sort of court. The agility of the young blacksmith, the distance to which he would fling the heavy sledge, the ease with which, in his play, or in the anger that occasionally supervened, he would dispose of all adversaries, either in the way of hitting or wrestling, made him at once the pride and fear of the foundry, and the talk of the whole town. His fame reached San Francisco, and Yankee Sullivan, who had again returned to California, went one day to Benicia to take a look at the boasted boy, probably with the view of settling a new match for himself, and retrieving his fortunes out of the folly of Heenan's inexperienced backers. If, however, such were his intention, he soon abandoned it, for he returned to the city, declaring to his friends that those who "wanted" the Benicia Boy might have him; but as for himself, "not any," if they pleased, for him. This verdict of the veteran pugilist, who had cheerfully contended against such men as Hammer Lane, Hyer, and Morrissey, of course "set up" the Boy considerably; and it was freely told and said by his admirers, as is always thought and said by the friends of all big, unconquered men, that he could whip any man in the world. While thus in the fullness of an untested fame, Heenan took the notion to leave California and transfer his fortunes to New York; but whether with the ultimate view of a pugilistic career we are unable to determine.

Whether he came to New York with the view of seeking honours in the prize-ring, or with a hankering desire to measure himself against the prowess of his bold fellow-townsmen, cannot be definitely stated at "this present moment," but it is certain that, soon after he set foot within the limits of the Empire City of the New World, he wore towards John Morrissey, the champion, "a contracted front." Like the monarchs of the barn-yard, the heroes of the roped arena hold some choice prerogatives, and jealousy and high disdain are too often, we regret to say, the occupants of even "celestial minds." Those of our readers, therefore, who have the least experience in human nature will be quite ready to receive our statement that rivals for the pride of place in pugilism necessarily revolve in contriving circles, that must sooner or later bring them into dangerous collision with each other. Such was the case with Morrissey and Heenan. Neither gave the other straight offence; but the enmities of the first flocked round the new comer in a hope of bringing on the contest which the partisans of each desired. There was on one side a wish to see Morrissey "taken down;" on the other, a hope that he would maintain his position, and whip the boasted hero of the outer circle. Men were constantly talking of, and waging about them; and to such a pitch was this carried, that the principals were insensibly, as it were, dragged into an agreement to meet at some lone spot, for the purpose of settling the much-mooted question of which had the larger share of them and sinew, with the biggest heart to back it up. Once they were nearly engaged in a street fight, but were prevented by the police. Heenan endeavoured for a length of time to avoid hostilities, but he had been appointed to an office in the customs, and was naturally unwilling to resign it; even his own friends began to doubt his courage. Roused at last to indignation, he made up his mind to relinquish the assured emoluments of his situation, and to try his hand at hard work, and possible discomfiture. He entered the lists as a candidate for the honour of supremacy in the prize-ring of America. After a deal of diplomacy and negotiation, a match was made on the 19th of July last year for a fight between these two quondam schoolfellows, to come off on the 20th of October. As soon as preliminaries were settled, each party went into active training; and John C. Heenan sought the aid and influence of the editor of *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times* in procuring him a congenial trainer. His London correspondent, "Censor," was immediately applied to, and Aaron Jones was sent to New York.

Great sympathy was felt for Heenan on his return to New York after this fight, and his friends not losing their confidence in him for a moment, offered at once to match him to fight Morrissey again for the same stake as before, or twice that amount if it were required. Morrissey, however, having declared long before the fight that, win or lose, he would never enter the prize-ring again, declined the offer, and Heenan had the consolation of receiving the title of Champion of America through his default.

There being now no opportunity of recovering his position in the Customs, Heenan, with his tutor, Aaron Jones, set out on a stirring tour through the various cities of the United States. At the end of the winter Heenan came back to New York with the view of forwarding a challenge to Tom Sayers to fight for the regular £200 a side and the champion's belt. He applied the editor of *Wilkes' Spirit*, who had always been his staunch friend, of this intention in advance, by letter, and when he did arrive urged him to forward a challenge to Sayers at once. The editor, however, being a man of business, asked him for his money "to bind the bargain," and being answered that money he had none, but would find enough for the first deposit by the next steamer, replied that there was no use in forwarding a challenge unless the money was at hand, and therefore urged Heenan to wait until he was properly prepared. His anxiety was so great, however, and his fears so lively, that Sayers could enter into some new match to keep him waiting, that in preparation the editor to dispatch the challenge, and to accompany it by a letter to the editor of *Bell's Life*, stating that the money for the first deposit would be forthcoming as soon as it was wanted. For some time a multitude of engagements appeared to keep Sayers' hands fully occupied, and when Heenan's money arrived in England it was covered to take its turn after other battles then on the tapis.

This state of things occasioned much disappointment in America, and malicious persons even went so far as to reflect upon the judgment of the editor of *Wilkes' Spirit* and charge the failure of Heenan to get precedence to the alleged bad management of that gentleman in not sending out the money with the card. Heenan, who knew how to contradict these injurious reports, permitted them to be repeated week by week without calling on the parties and demanding them to state the truth.

The editor of the *Spirit* would not take the trouble to make such reply himself, and moreover he saw a means of rectifying the whole matter, and he did rectify it, although the prospect of getting the match on looked at one time so doubtful that the two gentlemen who had furnished Heenan with the amount of his first deposit went three times to the editor of the *Spirit* to ask their money back: on the ground that it was lying idle to no purpose. He prevailed upon them to let it remain, and at length, with the aid of "Larkin," the well-known turf correspondent of his paper, was brought into contact with other gentlemen willing to make further deposits for an *international* match. This was in the latter part of August, and the editor of *Bell's Life in London* was notified at once. The first deposit was formally made under the following challenge, which had already, as will be seen by its date, been in the hands of the editor of *Bell's Life* for some days:—

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

CHALLENGE OF HEENAN TO SAYERS.

Office *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*,
New York, August 25, 1859.

I, John C. Heenan, of the city of West Troy, United States of America, hereby challenge Thomas Sayers, the Champion of England, to fight me in six months from the time of his reception of this challenge, or from the date of the first deposit under it, for two hundred pounds and the Champion's belt; the fight to take place near London (England), and to be governed by the rules of the London Prize Ring.

JOHN C. HEENAN.

On the 16th January he arrived in England, and was received with a welcome of a most enthusiastic character. Indeed, so overwhelmed was he by kindness and curiosity, that he was obliged to leave Liverpool at once and go on to London. His first visit was to the office of *Bell's Life*, where, we regret to say, he thought proper to state in a boastful spirit, that he owed no obligations to any of his countrymen for his match; that he was fighting for his own money, and that the match must not be considered an international affair. He also informed the editor of *Bell's Life* that he would fight under 175 lbs. In a day or two afterwards he left London for his training quarters, without granting an interview to Tom Sayers, who had rendered continual politeness to his agents previous to his own arrival in Great Britain. He was accompanied in his trip to the country by Jack Macdonald, who had been selected for his trainer, by James Cusack, who had assisted in preparing him for his fight with Morrissey, and by Mr. Falkland. The place where they alighted was a beautiful spot near Salisbury, with a range of fine training country on the Wilshire Downs. This place has been so well described by Childers in the *Field*, and Censor, in *Wilkes' Spirit*, that we need not repeat its features. It is enough for us, at this point of time, that he remained there quietly within sound of the cathedral bells, thriving under the hands of his faithful friends, till the early part of March, when he was forced to change his quarters, to avoid a threatened "information."

The conduct of the magistrate to whom the officious informer made application on this occasion was most praiseworthy. Instead of receiving his complaint, he gave him a lecture on the importance of minding his own business, and then quietly sent word to Heenan that he and his friends had better shift their quarters. From Salisbury, the party went to a pleasant little place in Somersetshire called Box, and there remained for a few days only, when, for reasons similar to those which bugged them first, they moved again. Their next stopping-place was at Bletchley, in Bedfordshire, but from this they were driven again, and being forced to a hasty choice, selected Trent Lock, in Derbyshire, near Derby, within 500 yards of the junction of three counties, so that a handy refuge could be found in a new jurisdiction if a sudden change was requisite. The place was most eligible, but, unfortunately, it was located in a straight-laced county that was very hostile to all liberal sport, and, more unfortunately still, they trusted their secret to a man named Cook, who straightway betrayed them. The result was, that a decent was made by two officers upon the inn, where Heenan slept, just before daybreak; and they would have succeeded in securing him, had he not luckily received timely notice from one of his friends who happened to be awake, and who heard the officers when they came in. He immediately ran out of the back door, and took temporary refuge in a little out-house, where Macdonald came to him with his clothes. Hastily slipping into them, he, without time to put on his shoes, he sprang over the fence, and ran to the canal near by and took refuge in the house situated at the lock. The beggars had now, however, taken scent, and they came tearing on his trail, so he was fain to spring out of the window over the head of one of them, and make a run for it in the fields. But he was not rigged for a long chase. The unprotected condition of his feet did not fit him for a run among the stubble, and after a short flight he slackened up and permitted the officers to take him captive. He was at once conveyed back to the inn, where, after dressing himself, he was conveyed before a magistrate at Derby. He was temporarily locked up, but soon released, on it being made known to the justice who he really was, and he passed the day and the next night in the office of one of the constables. On the next day he was generously admitted to bat in his own recognisance, with two bondsmen, in the sum of 125 dollars each, and drove off to the railway station amid the buzz of a large crowd. That evening he went to London, and on the following day went down again to Bedfordshire, now virtually ensured against further molestation by the securities which he had given.

We have but little to add at the present stage of this history about Tom Sayers, beyond what we have been already called upon to say of him in our previous account of the preliminaries of the match, and the movements of John Heenan. He commenced his training, as usual, at Brighton, and after enjoying the benefits of its sea baths and sea air for three months, transferred himself to Newmarket, where he remained until called on for the fight.

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1.—The men went up with great quickness at the call of time, and with a smile upon their faces, mixed, however, with a great degree of seriousness, and commenced squaring away. Heenan choosing his position under the direction of Macdonald, close in his own corner, with the view of drawing Sayers upon him and hitting as he advanced, instead of following him, as had been the fatal policy of most of Sayers' previous opponents. The position of Sayers was very elegant, touching the earth lightly with his feet, and settling himself backward and forward while measuring his man, with the ease and grace of a dancing master. As they squared, the audience almost held their breath—two or three times Sayers blinked lightly, but Heenan showed his readiness, and laughed smartly at checking the good intention. Heenan himself tried in the same way, and Sayers showed his wariness in like manner; at length, however, putting his knee and gathering his muscles quickly, he let fly and caught the boy lightly on the mouth, slightly drawing blood. Immense applause, and cries of "first blood for Sayers!" went up at this, and Sayers gracefully stepped back, to observe his triumph; with a smile that seemed to say, "That's only my first instalment—I'll soon give you a second!" They squared away carefully again, and Heenan at length let fly, but did not get home, then following the blow, he rushed in and clenched, and three Sayers easily. (Cheers from Heenan's friends.)

ROUND 2.—Both came up smiling, Heenan slightly tugging his lip, as if conscious of having been blood. Sayers came again over to Heenan's corner, and they began sparring just alongside the ropes, amid the encouragement of their respective partisans; neither of the men, however, taking any notice of what the outsiders said. Both were content upon each other only, and could not be diverted from their object. After some cautious squaring, and Sayers, Heenan let fly with his left, but Sayers stopped handsomely, and fell short with his return. Heenan then pressed upon him, and, measuring him handsomely, let fly with his left, and caught him on the chin. Sayers gave way, and Heenan following, planted two more straight hits in quick succession on the mouth, this time calling on the claret for the Champion for himself. Sayers then, in endeavouring to counter, rushed in and clenched, and was thrown. (More cheers for Heenan.)

ROUND 3.—This round was a gun, like both the previous ones, in Heenan's corner, and both began it by the same emblem of happiness that had been exhibited at first. Several passes were made without effect, but Heenan, watching his opportunity, let fly with his left, and hit him clean down. Great cheers.

ROUND 4.—Sayers came up readily and with good will, notwithstanding the disaster which befell him at the close of the last round. The same stereotyped smile was on the face of both; but while it was sweetest on the mug of Sayers, Heenan's left fist split the expression in the middle, and away went Sayers again clean from his feet and stretched upon the ground.

ROUND 5.—(Even betting on Heenan.)—Heenan now went at Sayers and passed over to his side of the ring and opened the fighting. Sayers, however, admonished by the fearful visitation of the terrible left hand which had now sent him twice to earth, began to get shy, and gave way; and at length, when followed closely by Heenan's contrasting right arm, fled from the approach of mischief by a sideway sort of run. But Heenan seemed to have been instructed in this artifice, and, gathering up his arms, smiled, and took a new and a waiting position. Sayers came up again, and they began to spar anew. Presently Heenan found his chance, and letting go his left, caught Sayers smack upon the forehead. Bewildered somewhat by the blow, Sayers gave way, and Heenan pressing on, repeated the visitation twice more; Sayers, after a light return upon the cheek, going down to avoid.

ROUND 6.—"Six to four on the Benicia Boy." Sayers came up this time looking as if he meant mischief, and walked, as at first, to Heenan's corner, and there commenced the battle. In a few seconds his good intentions were developed by a tremendous hit under the right eye, which made a clean crosswise cut of half an inch, let out a gush of blood, and at once puffed up the eye. Stung by this blow, Heenan rushed upon him, and with another clean hit, from what his friends call "the left duke," knocked Sayers down.

ROUND 7.—When Heenan came up to the scratch this time, his right eye was fearfully swollen, and projected upward like a cushion. His immediate signal for the jeers and taunts of the friends of Sayers, and the Champion himself took part in the enjoyment by placing himself in front of Heenan with folded arms and smiling pityingly on him. Heenan paid no heed to this, but bore Macdonald's growling quietly, and when the crimson tide from his puffed cheek was partly stopped, he went up to his adversary. The cheers were still greeting the Champion's splendid cut, when Heenan went up and measured him. He did so to some purpose for after a few passes he sent his left upon its errand and caught Sayers long upon the mouth. Sayers returned lightly on the damaged eye again, and Heenan gave him another rifle shot upon the head. A few exchanges then took place and the men separated of their own accord, Heenan submitting to the sponge again. Sayers smiled at Heenan with folded arms, while this process was going on. The men resumed their work again, Heenan trying to land his left again; Sayers cleverly stopped it, however, and some exchanges took place, and they separated for sponging again, without finishing the round. Sayers, not having much blood about him, was soon fished, and he started himself by looking on at Heenan's eye with a broad smile, as if to say, "Ah! what an easy job I shall have to finish this fellow off!" Heenan resumed again by letting off, but Sayers propped him as he came; Heenan, however, would not be denied, and, flowing up, he let his left in with a stinging shot on the mouth, which brought another instalment of the claret. Once more they separated for Heenan to be sponged about the damaged eye, and for Sayers to enjoy the pleasant contemplation of it. Once more, too, they resumed, and another clean hit sent Sayers again to earth, with loud cheers from Heenan's little party, and English exclamations of "He's a first-rate fellow!" "He's a fine 'un!"

ROUND 8.—As soon as Heenan came up this time he went at once to work, and put in his left with a straight shot in the Champion's right cheek.

Sayers, however, fought towards him, and getting an opportunity, sent a light shot in the chin, and then dodged under Heenan's arm to avoid a most wicked return. As Sayers rose, however, and Heenan got him square in front of him again, he landed a heavy hit on the Champion's nose, which nearly knocked him down. Heenan then gave way again, and Sayers, stung by the last visitation, came pressing back, and when he thought himself at proper distance let fly again, but Heenan caught it handsomely upon his right arm, and threw it off with a smile, as if to say, such nonsense would not do. The Champion made it do, however; for, gathering himself again, he let loose with his left a well-directed blow, and caught Heenan again upon the cushion under the right, letting out another little rill of blood. This hit, though not by any means effective, gave much gratification to the partisans of Sayers, and a voice on that side exclaimed, "I say, Jack Macdonald, is this the Yankee slob you have brought over to lick the Champion? You'd better send him back!" "This is the very fellow!" said Macdonald stoutly, and I'm going over with him soon and take with us the belt. Wait a minute and you'll see!" As this chaff was going on, Heenan had drawn close upon Sayers, and, getting his opportunity, away went the left bower, again flattening the Brighton hero's nose, and sending him back several feet. "What do you think of the Yankee boy now?" said Macdonald proudly at this hit, and spreading his hands behind him, as if about to catch a cricket ball. The tide of war has its variations, and no sooner was the joyful note of the Celtic second uttered, than bang came a straight shot from Sayers, plump on the cushioned eye, while Heenan's endeavour to counter passed by the Champion's head. Heenan now began to exhibit signs of weakness, and cries of "two to one on Sayers," were heard again, mixed with expressions of derision about the Yankee giving way in his legs. Amid this encouragement the keen and observant Champion pressed forward, and played in another on Heenan's mouth. Still going at him, and getting him close in his corner, and almost against the ropes, he delivered a ponderous and sounding body hit full in the centre of the ribs. He had been after this spot for some time, and exhibited great satisfaction at having so handsomely got in, but before the smile which celebrated it had quite covered his entire face, its sweetest of expression was completely spoiled by a terrific pain from the left bower upon the Champion's mouth, drawing the blood freely and sending it trickling down his breast. Sayers tried to counter, but did not quite get home; but he came after his revenge, and seeing he must have it, Heenan took Macdonald's advice "to try the double with him," which means to take hit for hit—and away flew the two sharp left hands at once, each man staggering and recoiling from the shock. The men now separated for a moment, but the round did not close, and, after the passing of the ever-ready sponge over their bleeding faces, they showed an equal bull-dog nature by seeking each other again. Heenan's right eye was now fearfully bunged up, and almost entirely closed, but, in retaliation for the coarse derision it drew forth from Sayers' friends, he sent in a spanking hit upon the Champion's cheek, and repeated with another on the nose. Sayers tried to rally, but Heenan's luck was in, and, perceiving that the right fore-arm of the Champion was fearfully swollen and rendered useless from the effect of the fall in the previous round, he went at him fiercely, and, by a thundering blow on the left piston, levelled him to the earth. (Cheers from the little knot of Americans at Heenan's corner, and an exulting clamour from Macdonald of "What do you think of our Yankee fighter now?" This was a round of most terrific fighting, highly creditable to the courage of both men, and setting both on the top round of estimation, by all the capable critics around the ring as first-class, skilful, and thorough fighters. It lasted nearly fifteen minutes.

ROUND 9.—Sayers came up showing signs of distress (even betting on the Boy), and as Heenan went fiercely after him he hurriedly gave ground, and as the Boy pressed on, he commenced dancing off sideways, and finally turned the movement into a run. Heenan burst out laughing at this shine, and standing in an easy and nonchalant manner, wheeled easily on his heel so as to continue to face him without following after. Advancing on him again, he planted a severe blow on the face, and followed it up by two repeaters, the last of which turned Sayers quite around, when, while he was pitching forward in that position Heenan gave chase, and hit him down by a blow on the back. Cheers for Heenan!

ROUND 10.—"Twenty to ten on the Benicia Boy!"—Sayers, yet growing weak, came up rather uncertain on his legs, with his wounded right arm still fearfully swollen, clinging paralysed against his breast. No one who knew his gallant history could help sympathizing with him in his sore distress, and wishing he was out of his present peril. But the gladiator who opposed him, like his screaming backers, had no such thoughts as these, but rather pressed on him the more, and, going at him right and left, ended the round by again knocking him clean down.

ROUND 11.—Heenan went at Sayers briskly again, in order to keep him hurried while in his crippled state. Being a little incautious in his advance, however, Sayers propped him as he came in, and, as Heenan was meditating a return, got in another, but not very effective, hit, and fell backward through the ropes.

ROUND 12.—Sayers still came up feebly, and Heenan went after him as before, and while Sayers was dancing before him evidently bewildered and confused, he levelled him again in the coolest manner with a straight left-hander, and walked smilingly back to his corner.

ROUND 13.—Heenan again forced the fighting, and Sayers, now very weak, fought a farthing battle, and fled from his dangerous pursuer. As soon as he ventured to turn and face, Heenan planted another hit upon his mouth, and knocked him clean off his legs again. (Cheers again for Heenan. Two to one on the Benicia Boy.)

ROUND 14.—The superiority of Heenan was now completely manifest; expressions of admiration at his fine style of fighting were heard all round the ring, and encomiums of the soundest kind were delivered on his courage. Encumbrances which we take pleasure in saying were substantially earned and deserved. In this round, Heenan went at Sayers in the business style of the two last, and delivered in succession two telling hits in the neck and mouth, Sayers countering neatly on the latter by a blow on the right cheek. Heenan then caught him on the head, at which Sayers rushed in, clenched, and after a momentary struggle, both fell together on Sayers' side of the ring, Sayers having the best of the fall. Great cheers went up from the corner at this ripple in his favour, but they, like Sayers, felt that they had a tougher customer than they had bargained for.

ROUND 15.—Heenan was again up first at the scratch, as he had been every time for the last eight or ten rounds, while Sayers, who exhibited much distress, was rising from his second's knee reluctantly and slow. This time Heenan went straight up to him and hit him down with his right as if Sayers had been made of wood.

ROUND 16.—This round was a counterpart of the last, Sayers coming up slow, backing or dancing away apprehensively, and ending by being knocked down. Heenan walking from him with a smile to his corner.

ROUND 17.—Like the last in all respects, and ending in a clear knock down. Sayers came up slowly, Heenan went at him, and cornering him despite his quick retreat, hit him down at the ropes. ("100 to anything on Heenan.")

ROUND 18.—Sayers looked much distressed, and as Heenan advanced confidently upon him with his terrible left mawley, threatening new punishment, he sidled off in evident apprehension of its visitation; but Heenan following, checked his retiring course, but did not get in the usual blow. Sayers on the contrary caught him lightly on the right cheek and mouth, upon which Heenan rushed in, clenched, and threw Sayers, falling very heavily upon him. "Five to one on Heenan!"

ROUND 19.—Sayers again commenced the running game, Heenan stepping lightly round to meet him before him and delivering him a hit on the shoulder as he went. Sayers turned, planted a light blow on the chest, which Heenan returned, with interest, upon the mouth. He then rushed in, clenched and threw Sayers upon the ropes, where he slipped down, scraping his back on them as he went.

ROUND 20.—Heenan went to the scratch and waited for Sayers, and when he came up hit him down clean with a splendid blow and waived, we had almost said smilingly away, but the grimace with which he intended his pleasurable emotions could scarcely be called a smile, for the terrific visitations of the Champion, though not so frequent as his own, had so puffed and changed his features, that none of the softer expressions were much at his command.

ROUND 21.—Sayers, who now, notwithstanding his severe punishment, seemed to be freshening a little, managed to prop Heenan once or twice as he incautiously advanced upon him; but Heenan, stubborn to his purpose, still bored in, and succeeded in again finishing him with a knock-down blow.

ROUND 22.—Sayers still kept up the shifting game, but Heenan pursued and hit him in the back, without, however, knocking him down. Sayers, after pitching forward with the blow, recovered himself, while Heenan stood smiling at him, as he had in the earlier round smiled tantalizingly at Heenan, when he got his ornamental eye, and, gathering himself, handsomely caught Heenan on the right side, with a fine telling hit upon the mouth. Heenan then rushed in, clenched, and struggled for the throw, and they went to earth together, both Sayers slightly on the top. (Great cheers for Sayers—cheers which were well deserved.)

ROUND 23.—Sayers came up slow again, and after a few feints and passes, Heenan again knocked him down.

ROUND 24.—Sayers came up this time evidently freshening, and with a smile upon his face, and it was observed that the vast swelling which had so disfigured his right forehead, had gone down almost entirely, though it did not promise to be of much more use to him than Heenan's right eye, which was now entirely closed, and so far as that side was concerned, he was fighting entirely in the dark. Amid cries of "2 to 1 on Heenan," the Boy pressed forward, and, after taking two light but well-directed punishmenters that the man before him was not yet beaten, he succeeded in straightening the left duke out again, and landed the Champion once more upon the grass.

ROUND 25.—Sayers came up late, Heenan waiting for him quietly, and was the first to lead off at the mouth, and barely getting in, danced backward and ran away from the return. Heenan followed and turned him, and delivered a good hit on the chin, and as Sayers, who was on his own side of the ring, sought to fly, Heenan, who was pursuing, reached out his hand to catch him, and in doing so made a grab, which took Sayers' whole face in his open paw, and must have hurt the now sensitive mouth considerably, and started the blood from his mouth afresh. He then brought Sayers to a stand, and it was not much to his credit that he did so, for the Champion got one in upon his breast. The blow was light, however, and he retreated from the return; but succeeded in getting in another on the same place. Heenan rushed in, but his blow passed over the Champion's head as the latter went down.

ROUND 26.—Heenan led off again, and landed a heavy hit on the Cham-

pion's mouth, and, as he followed up and let fly another, Sayers got to the earth to avoid the punishment.

ROUND 27.—Two to one freely offered on the Benicia Boy; but no takers. Sayers did not look so entirely feeble as some few rounds before, but he was evidently much distressed; and, unless some lucky accident could retrieve his fortune, defeat stared him surely in the face. He had thus far been successful in accomplishing one great object, and that was the closing up of one of Heenan's eyes entirely; if he could but shut the other, he could still, notwithstanding the inferiority of his condition, succeed. A lucky blow might do it. Heenan led off again, planting his favourite hit upon the mouth and making all the ivory within it fairly rattle with the blow, while Sayers countered lightly on the left cheek, for he was still going faithfully for the left eye. After this passage they separated, and were sponged off, Sayers confronting Heenan while the operation was going on with as much quiet complacency as if he had him sure. Heenan went at him, however, like a tiger, hit him again on the mouth, and as he ran to escape a renewal of the visitation, delivering another chopping lick upon his stooping back. Again they received the cleansing offices of the sponge, and that being over, Heenan stepped forward again, but Sayers retired, and partly ran. Heenan following quickly, discharged a hit on the back of his neck, and as Sayers turned to fight he hit him against the ropes, and, as he fell, grabbed for him, but missed him, and then caught him with a terrific upper cut, whereupon the Champion sank to the earth.

ROUND 28.—Sayers came up very weak in the knees, and almost staggering, and Heenan rushed over to his side of the ring after him, and began the fighting briskly. Sayers tried to get away, but Heenan followed him sharply and caught him with one of the old left-handers, which levelled him at the ropes.

ROUND 29.—Three to one on Heenan!"—Sayers came up spiritedly this time, and, gathering himself handsomely, let fly with his left, and caught Heenan on the mouth. The Boy pressed forward for retaliation, but caught it with great severity again, and once more the chers went up for Sayers. Heenan rushed forward, but his blow passed over the shoulder, and Sayers catching again heavily on the mouth, went down amid great cheering from his friends. This was a very severe round for Heenan, who bled very freely; but there was not a man on the ground who did not admire the sound game which he displayed in following up the sharpest and most damaging cuts.

ROUND 30.—Two to one offered to be taken by the friends of Sayers. Sayers, encouraged by the success of the last round and the evident bewildering effect it had on his opponent, walked over into Heenan's corner, and opened the campaign himself. As quick as thought he planted a sharp cut on Heenan's mouth, and followed it by a light touch on the left cheek, in which direction he evidently still hoped to have the happiness to close up the only remaining eye. When Heenan would have come back for his satisfaction, he avoided cleverly by getting down and letting the fierce shot of Heenan pass harmless over his head.

ROUND 31.—Heenan showed distress while at his second's corner, and when he confronted Sayers he did not show that alacrity of battle he had exhibited before. He led off, however, but Sayers got away, and subsequently a few passes were exchanged with no effect, and, as the blow was flying from Heenan's serious cuts all the while, he paused in his hostilities to be temporarily sponged off. While this was going on, Sayers, who, though most seriously hurt, was by far the least disfigured, folded his arms and stood tranquilly before Heenan, and surveyed him with the most amazing confidence, and as if he were his captive. When they came together again, Sayers was the first up with a light tap, and they then separated once more for a wipe off, neither being in a humour to press too rapidly on the other. They came together again with light exchanges, another separation took place, and the round ended by Heenan measuring his adversary handsomely and hitting him down by a tremendous blow on the nose. ("That's a pretty fellow for a Champion of England!" said Macdonald, pointing disdainfully at Sayers, while nursing his man.)

ROUND 32.—Sayers was this time very slow to rise from his second's knee. The game little fellow had already made the most superhuman exertions, but he found he was overmatched, and it was like fighting against fate to hope to overcome his game-lusting and powerful adversary. Though he showed no evidence of sinking of the heart, his want of prospect had a plain effect upon his spirits, and Heenan had to go after him almost to his second's knee. It was plain that the fight was nearly over of him, and his friends saw clearly that his chance was gone. While, therefore, the two men commenced to square away, they thought to make a diversion in favour of the Champion by an outcry of "Police! police!" in the hope that Heenan, as a stranger, might be struck with alarm, and either be induced in natural panic to jump over the ropes, and thus forfeit the fight, or to turn his head so that the watchful Champion might get on his left eye. But the artifice did not take. Heenan had been forewarned of the intended dodge, and he had seen, moreover, that several policemen had been quietly looking at the battle ever since the seventh round. He, therefore, only fought on the fiercer, and Sayers being on the look out for chances at the same moment they had a passage of real dung dog give and take fighting on the ancient style. The blood flowed freely from them both, and two or three times they stepped aside to sponge, but neither paid any more attention to the swaying crowd, and the pretended effort to keep back the police, than if no effort of that sort had been made. Heenan got sharply on the nose of Sayers, and the latter in return caught Heenan sharply in the mouth, drawing a further quantity of blood. Sayers seemed to be encouraged and to freshen up at this, and went after Heenan, but the Boy caught him and flogged him with another square knock-down blow. 100 to 20 on Heenan.

ROUND 33.—Sayers now came up very weak, and his partisans seeing his chance was almost hopeless, kept up the clamour about the police, while the poor police, bewildered at their own importance, or rather at the sudden and fictitious importance thus given to them, looked on in perfect wonder at the senseless panic. But Heenan paid no heed to the idle trick, but went up to the fading Sayers and hit at him with effect, and then closed upon him for a fall. In the thickest adversity there often comes a ray of light and promise, and just at this point the Champion found a gleam of promise, which seemed to show him the road to victory. As they struggled for the fall, and while they felt it so happened that Sayers' feet had become free to play upon Heenan's left eye, and play upon it he did so vigorously that it threatened to close under the unexpected visitation. Sayers was thrown and Heenan fell on him; but when the latter reached his corner, and the swelling eye was seen, the hopes of his friends began to be disturbed.

ROUND 34.—Sayers rushed in to improve the opportunity thus given to him, and with his apparently improved chances the clamour about the police subsided, and during the sharp exchanges that ensued, that particular alarm was done, and the round ended by Heenan seizing Sayers in his arms, and throwing him out from him clean to the earth as if he were a frog.

ROUND 35.—Heenan, however, in addition to this strength, was not so much damaged on the left eye as the backers of Sayers supposed, he had plenty of daylight in it to find his adversary, and he went after him like a tiger. Right and left he gave it him in the most commanding style—first on the mouth, then on the right cheek, and then hit him against the ropes. After a slight separation, and a process of sponging off, he went at him again, but caught it on the mouth, and shed considerable blood in consequence. Again he pressed upon him, but Sayers was too quick, and went down to avoid.

ROUND 36.—The cries of police now became perfectly deafening from Sayers' side; but Heenan still looked neither right or left, but only at his man. He hit him once on the back as he was running to his corner, and as Sayers struck back and missed, he seized him with his arm around his neck, and held him for a minute in the air. Sayers, however, got up on his hand and saved Heenan by the cheek and pulled at "a sore and flabby folds most painfully. This forced Heenan to lose his hold, and Sayers slipped down.

ROUND 37.—It was now plain, from the noise around Sayers' corner, that it was the determination of his party to bring the fight to such a close as would save Sayers the belt; but still Heenan kept to his work, and Macdonald kept steering him with judicious steadiness. He was determined to do fairly well, and he could get Sayers to fight with him, and though the ring was now on the point of being broken in, he went up to his man and fought as manfully and as desperately as at first. He hit Sayers as he pleased, and, finally, seizing him by the neck, he bent his head under his arm and held him there and against the ropes completely at his mercy. Left to himself, Sayers must have sunk helpless to the earth, incapable to respond again to time, whereupon, finding a desperate crisis had arrived, the adherents of the Champion actually took hold of Heenan's arms, and while they kicked and struck him, dragged the beaten Champion from his hold.

ROUND 38.—The confusion was now so great that no appeals could possibly be heard, and the ring being broken in by the friends of Sayers, at the same moment the Referee very improperly got up and a tired. Heenan, however, apprehending some new artifice to prevent him from obtaining the belt he had so fairly won, remained in the ring, and when time was called, went after Sayers again through the centre of the crowd that now swarmed within the inner ropes of the arena. Sayers was pushed up towards him, but he easily hit him down or pushed him to the corner among his seconds, as a man would drive a boy.

In the 40th and 41st rounds this dishonourable treatment was repeated, Sayers neither time being brought up until Heenan presented himself before him, and demanded he should come out and fight. Finally, when he went up the last time for

ROUND 42, finding that though Sayers could not, or would not, rise from his seat in his corner, and his seconds refused to award him the victory that belonged to him, by throwing up the sponge, he advanced upon him in the midst of his seconds and struck him where he sat. Being struck in return by some one else in that corner he turned upon that other party, and, in his just indignation at the outrageous manner in which the object of his ambition had been dishonourably wrested from him, he opened a free fight against them all. His friends, however, intervened, and carried him back to his corner, from whence, after declaring himself to be the winner of the fight, and the true owner of the belt and title of the Champion of England, he left the ring. Fair-minded and honourable Englishmen will decide whether these rights, so dearly and bravely won, shall not be given to him because he is a stranger to their soil.





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We call attention to the following letter, the original of which is at No. 4 Union square, and may be inspected. The facts demand attention. The name is not published, but may be seen as above. We hope the party will yet permit his respectable and honored name to be published. We are permitted to show the letter. THOS. ALLCOCK & CO. Messrs. THOMAS ALLCOCK & CO., No. 4 Union square, New York:

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Second letter from Messrs. J. W. Johnson & Co., Hartford, Conn., this year. HARTFORD, March 22, 1860.

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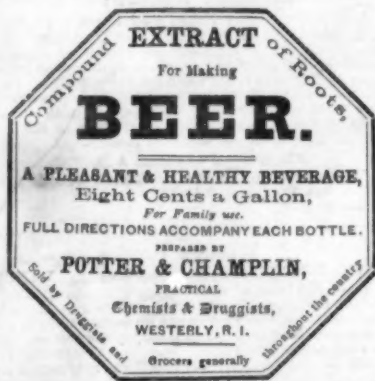
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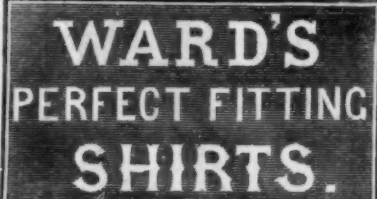
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stagnant and corrupt humors, which impede the circulation
of the blood, and that

BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS,
if persevered in, will remove all such humors by the
stomach and bowels, which may be justly termed the sewer
of the human body.

We are often subject to sickness, but purgation with this
medicine will sooner restore health than any other means.

DR. BRANDRETH

solemnly assures every one who reads this that it is his
opinion, founded on experience, that this medicine will not
only cure every disease, but by its occasional use, combined
with temperance and judicious exercise in the open air, will
restore the human body to the primitive state of health
enjoyed by the patriarchs of old.

Cure of Dyspepsia and Costiveness.

From the New York Monitor, Jan. 25th.

"AS A PURGATIVE, BRANDRETH'S PILLS have obtained a
REPUTATION that no other medicine that we know of has
ever obtained. They can be taken to produce a purgative or
laxative effect; and, what we were not inclined to believe
without ample proof from respectable persons who had
taken them for years—they can be taken daily for a great
length of time, without the least injurious consequences
resulting. The case of Mr. Daniel J. Tenny, which we have
before referred to, is positive proof of this. He took one
pill a day for 40 days in succession, and was cured of an ob-
stinate and PROTRACTED DYSPEPSIA, attended with COS-
TIVENESS. It is alleged that purgatives cannot be repeated
daily without increasing the dose in order to produce the
same effect. But this theory is not sound as regards Brand-
reth's Pills. On the last of the 40 days Mr. Tenny says the
pill had the same laxative effect as it had on the first day
when he began to take them. This statement of Mr. Tenny
was made to us personally at the Astor House, in this city,
and of its truthfulness there is no doubt, as he is a gentleman
highly esteemed, and whose word was never questioned as
to its truth. It is only in cases of chronic disease, of long
standing, that such a course of medicine would be required.
In acute diseases active purgation, a full dose of the medi-
cine, is the proper treatment; repeated only as occasion
may require."

The Goodness of Brandreth's Pills

is so great and evident that often parts which were decay-
ing, putrefying, are restored to healthy, vigorous life,
proving how much the removal of obstruction has to do in
the curing of disease. BRANDRETH'S PILLS by thus simply
purifying the system, renew the body. All confess this
who have used them for any considerable time. And after
their use, we are less subject to contract or take any disease
whatever. They are an assistant of Nature, her own reme-
dy, and consequently safe for all, agree with all, and sure
to do their work well.

Those who have relied upon them have not rested upon a
broken reed. They have restored to health over fifty thou-
sand persons given up to die as incurable. These cases
will soon be published, when every sick man may see a
similar case to his own, and how Brandreth's Pills effected
a cure.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 204 Canal Street, at 25
cents per box, and No. 4 Union Square, New York, and by
all dealers.

One Dollar enclosed to

DR. BRANDRETH, BRANDRETH BUILDING, NEW YORK,

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and valuable documents, by post, without further charge,
to any part of the United States.

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quicker than other pistols are capped; sure fire under all
circumstances, can remain loaded any length of time with-
out injury, is not liable to get out of order; is perfectly
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man. All kinds of ink can be used. This is the only perfect
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